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The Week

THE organized effort to halt the Senate investigations continues with unabated zeal. Newspapers and individuals labor assiduously to convince the country that nothing important is being accomplished, that the witnesses are all disreputable persons, and that their chief occupation is blackening the characters of honest men. The self-appointed leader in this effort is the weekly National Republican, edited by George B. Lockwood. It has gone to such absurd extremes that even the Republican National Committee, itself without interest in the exposure of corruption if such exposure threatens the prestige of the party, has been obliged to throw Mr. Lockwood and his journal overboard. Judge Gary, we regret to note, has voluntarily placed himself in disreputable company by calling the investigations "unjustified" and declaring that they are "carried to an unreasonable extent and calculated to bring undeserved injustice on good men." "I denounce them," says the Judge.

WE wish Judge Gary or anyone else would give us the name of a single honest man whose reputa-

tion has been ruined by any of the current investigations. While the Judge is at it, we should also like a statistical summary of the proportion of disreputable witnesses. It is our impression that practically none of the former have appeared before the Walsh Committee. Certainly several undesirables have testified in the investigation of the Department of Justice—possibly four or five out of twenty-five or thirty. But is it Senator Wheeler's fault, or is it Mr. Daugherty's, that vital information about affairs in the Department of Justice and among the former Attorney-General's personal friends is only obtainable from bootleggers, corruptionists and spies? And is anyone innocent enough to believe that if the legal rules of evidence, designed for court procedure, were in force, we should have secured any part of the considerable mass of important information already unearthed?

WE confess we are heartily tired of the propagandists who shout that the investigations have accomplished nothing of value. We admit that the work of the Senate Committee has not been in all points perfect: Washington is not the place in which to expect either perfection of technique or an utter absence of political partisanship. But no one who reads the testimony in its entirety can fail to be convinced that work of the highest value has been done. The revelation that Secretary Fall had been bribed by the oil men has already resulted in restoring the policy of conservation to a greater extent than at any time since Roosevelt's second term. Even if you put aside all the testimony as to the character of Mr. Daugherty's personal friends and as to the transactions wherein they were bribed on the theory that they controlled his policies, evidence from reputable sources has shown beyond dispute that the Department of Justice had broken down completely as regards a wide range of war fraud and other cases. The Veterans' Bureau, the Shipping Board, the Prohibition Enforcement Unit and the Income Tax Bureau have already felt the touch of the cleansing winds which are sweeping through Washington; and will feel it even more before the investigators cease from their labors. No one in this generation has per-

formed a more valuable service than have the men who, in the face of united, ruthless, bitter opposition, have brought to light the corruption which everyone now admits.

FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL DAUGHERTY in a speech last week reached a climax of absurdity which it will be hard for others to surpass. He stated that Senators Brookhart and Wheeler were directly inspired by Moscow in their efforts to "discredit" the "United States government;" and that public interest, therefore, did not permit him to turn over to the Senate Committee his files, full of valuable information about communist activities in the United States. "I preferred," says this plaintive Nathan Hale, "to permit my integrity to be questioned and my honor to hang in the balance for the time being, rather than surrender the files." If Mr. Daugherty is correct, the plot against the country is indeed extensive. All the responsible Republican leaders in the Senate joined in demanding that he be put out of office: has Moscow bought our Congress entire? Is President Coolidge, who finally forced Mr. Daugherty's resignation, to be included in the list?

THE establishment by a syndicate of American bankers of a credit to the German Rediscount bank, is significant both as promising an immediate stimulus to trade between the United States and Germany, and as indicative of American financial opinion that European conditions are on the mend. The transaction would be a risky one if German industry were to remain exposed to arbitrary invasion by the French. It would also be risky if there were any likelihood that the extreme Nationalists would gain power in Germany and set out on a policy of resistance to the Allies. Bankers like other men are liable to error in their forecasts of political events. They have, however, in this case access to much information that is withheld from the general public. Accordingly their guess is worth noting.

DR. KARL HELFFERICH was one of those statesmen whose services, though able and patriotic, roll up more debits than credits against their country. Helfferich, more than any other single man, was responsible for the popularization of the principle that war costs ought to be saddled upon the vanquished. In pursuance of that principle, he opposed the increase of taxes during the war, relying upon the ability of Germany to defeat the Allies and compel them to assume the burden of Germany's war debt. Nothing justified the Allied policy of levying upon the vanquished a crushing indemnity under the guise of "reparations." But this policy found a ready excuse in the fact that Germany had planned to levy such indemnities if she had won. Since the war Helfferich has stood, as a rule, on the wrong side of every question of importance. When Erzberger

sought to save German solvency through a plan of drastic taxation of wealth, the violent attacks of Helfferich defeated him and stirred up the hatred that resulted in Erzberger's assassination. His recent attacks on the Dawes plan showed him as a redoubtable opponent of any settlement through compromise.

CONGRESS could hardly descend to lower depths of sordid political expediency than it did in passing the bonus bill. Faced by the certainty of a presidential veto on a cash bonus, it has given the soldiers an insurance plan which an overwhelming majority of them do not want, though it will lay a sufficient burden on the national treasury to prevent any drastic reduction of taxes. To make this bad matter still worse, the question of restoring the cash bonus has after all been left open so that pro-bonus senators and representatives may use it in this fall's campaign. A more sordid example of dishonest action by a legislative body would be hard to conceive. President Coolidge is flatly on record as opposing the bonus bill in its original form; and the measure as passed by both houses, even with the cash bonus eliminated, is just as undesirable from every point of view. We sincerely hope the President will have the courage of his convictions and veto the bill.

THERE is a long road still to be traversed before the child labor amendment can become a part of the Constitution. But the vote in the House, 297 for and only 69 against, is a most encouraging start. The criticism of the amendment on the ground that it invades the domain that ought to be reserved to the states received scant consideration from the House. It will, we believe, receive little attention in the state legislatures when they are called on to ratify the amendment. In view of the fluidity of American industry, the several states are not in fact free to legislate on child labor without other considerations in mind than the permanent benefit of the child and the state. Every state legislature, in enacting a child labor law, has to consider whether children in industry will really be relieved from premature toil or whether the industry will merely be driven across the state line. Such considerations have had much to do with the failure of the several states to enact laws worthy of our proper place in civilization. They will be of no relevancy when federal laws on the subject are under consideration.

WE are a little sickened to find an honorable and intelligent newspaper like the New York World devoting two pages of news space and a long leading editorial to a grave discussion of the "career" of the late Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall. We have no desire to minimize Mr. Murphy's abilities: he was a shrewd boss with a dominating personality and an uncanny way of

knowing how the winds of politics would blow. But to discuss the history of such a man in terms of statesmanship is a grotesque perversion of the facts. Everyone familiar with New York politics is well aware that Mr. Murphy and his machine were successful only by making a mockery of the processes of political democracy. Tammany controls the city government chiefly for a plain business reason: to make money. It secures its profits in various ways, some of which are honest and some are not. Probably the graft is rather less flagrant today than twenty-five years ago; but it exists just as emphatically as it ever did; and if it were to be abolished, Tammany would go to pieces overnight. It is a sufficient commentary on this situation that Mr. Murphy, who in his early years as a business man had just intelligence enough to be a street car conductor and barkeeper, in the two decades during which he has been "unemployed" as the head of Tammany, accumulated a fortune which his close friends estimate at \$560,000 and which may prove to be very much larger. The respect with which his death was received by the New York press, including some papers which were his political enemies, is the respect which in America goes to any man who has "made good"—no matter how undesirable the field of his accomplishments.

THE American Society of Newspaper Editors at its convention last week at Atlantic City, decided to investigate the conduct of those newspaper men who have been accused of wrongdoing in connection with the oil investigation at Washington. The action reflects high credit on the society, in view of the fact that it is not much more than a year old, and that its members are not newspaper owners but salaried employees. Everyone knows that today journalism is not a profession. In the larger cities, not one newspaper worker in a hundred commands the respect enjoyed in general by the physician, the lawyer or the engineer. This is partly because editing has been dissociated from ownership; it is recognized that the writer, a paid employe, does not control the columns in which his work appears. Partly, however, the lack of respect for the journalist is based upon the lack of any sort of discipline within the ranks. That discipline, we are glad to see, the American Society of Newspaper Editors is now seeking to supply.

A TEN-CENT pamphlet recently published by the People's Legislative Service, Washington, D. C., furnishes more food for thought than many bulky volumes of economic reports. It is on the Bread Tribute and shows pretty clearly why it is that although the consumer pays too much for bread the farmer gets so little for wheat that he is going bankrupt. In England the pound of bread costs 3.9 cents a pound, though made out of our wheat increased in price by transportation across the Atlantic. We pay nine cents a pound

for bread here. There is a difference between the countries in wages in the flouring mills and the bakeries, but this is an insignificant item. The five-cent margin above the British price is practically all miller's and baker's profits. These profits were huge in the time when we levied excess profits taxes. They are probably no less now, when wheat has come down to the prewar level while bread stands about where it did during the war. We suspect that a more general analysis would show that what is true of bread is true of most other commodities. The margin between producers' prices and consumers' prices is growing wider, and will continue to do so until we have a really serious coöperative movement.

America and the Dawes Plan

BY theory most Americans are isolationists. Our country, we keep reiterating, is a world in itself, quite capable of satisfying every important requirement of its people out of its own resources. We wish peace and happiness for the rest of the world, but the other nations will have to find for themselves the formula for those good things. So much for our theory. As for our practice, we found ourselves, after 1914, actively intervening in the great European struggle. Our vast industrial and financial resources were potential sinews of war for the party that was in a position to make use of them. We might have embargoed our exports and thrown the victory to Germany. Instead, we stood on an interpretation of neutrality which added our industrial power to that of the Allies and finally brought us into the war to complete the job.

So glaring a contrast between theory and practice would in any other country of the world have resulted in a revision of the theory. Not so with us. Perhaps it is because we are such a practical people that we are able to hold to our theories despite even the most overwhelming experience. After the war we again affirmed our faith in isolation, although we had attained to an industrial and financial primacy that thrust us into the very centre of the circle of nations. We were fated to play a determining rôle in the reconstruction after the war, just as we played a determining rôle in the war itself. What lay open to our choice was whether we should go in with open eyes or blindfolded. We went into the war blindfolded, laid about ourselves valiantly and then turned our backs on the scene of destruction. Are we going to apply the same technique in the present crisis of reconstruction?

The appointment of the Dawes commission signified that European reconstruction had reached the same state of deadlock the World War reached in 1917. The forces that aimed at the destruction and dismemberment of Germany were about evenly balanced by the forces that strove to restore Germany to a place in the family of nations. While the

deadlock lasted Germany was slowly starving, France was drawing perilously near to the precipice of bankruptcy, Britain was staggering under commercial depression and unemployment. It was plain to the whole European world that the only way out was American intervention. Because of our addiction to isolationist theory, there was no chance of direct, official intervention through the American government. But Americans can always be induced to give advice. And after giving advice they can be induced to go farther, as was proved in the World War. It was some such calculation that lay behind the creation of the Dawes commission. Messrs. Dawes, Young and Robinson are able men, and did their work well. The representatives of England, France, Italy and Belgium are also able men and did their work well. They were official representatives of their governments; the American representatives were private citizens for whose naming our government assumed no formal responsibility. But with rare tact the European Allies have all but suppressed mention of the work of their own representatives and have played up the American quality of the commission. It is the same kind of self-abnegation which led Canning to present the whole credit for the Monroe Doctrine to American statecraft, and which led the Allied nations to make President Wilson the mouthpiece of Allied war aims. They know us well.

The creation of the Dawes commission and the treatment accorded to it represent as direct an appeal for American intervention as the Allied governments could make without defeating their own purposes. We emphasize this point, not for the sake of fixing attention upon the subtlety of European diplomacy, but in order to indicate the strategic position in which America finds herself. Just as in 1917 the Allies' only hope for a conclusive victory over Germany lay in American military intervention, so today the only hope for an early restoration of European economic life lies in American financial intervention. We were in a position to lay down rigid terms in 1917, if we had only known it. We are in a position to lay down terms today, if only we know it. In 1917 we could have forced a repudiation of the calamitous Secret Treaties and could have forestalled the wretched "war after the war" which has drawn Europe steadily nearer to the brink of ruin. Today we are in a position to put through a settlement under which Europe will gradually evolve toward a stable peace. Europe must have us on any terms, but would prefer us on its terms rather than ours.

What Europe needs first of all, and desperately, is American capital. American capital is needed to set up the gold bank, under the Dawes plan, and to finance the first year's payments in kind. Only a hundred million dollars is asked for to serve these ends—a mere bagatelle. No, not a

bagatelle; an entering wedge. American capital will have to be drawn upon heavily to finance German trade and place Germany in a position to make the later payments contemplated by the Dawes plan. The recent establishment of credits for the German gold bank by a powerful American banking syndicate represents the beginning of a process which may assume vast proportions if the reparations problem is definitely settled. It is not a wild speculation that the next half decade may see a rapid infiltration of American capital into Germany, making possible a liquidation of a large part of the indemnity liability. The five billion mark mortgage on German industry and the thirteen billion mark mortgage on the railways proposed in the Dawes report might, under stable conditions, be transformed into favored international private investments.

Such a development would assure France liberal indemnity payments, something she must have if she is ever to put her finances on a firm foundation. It would also build up Germany as a great economic power—something France fears, with a fear exaggerated by national hatred. If France could have her way she would load the plan down with charges increasing rapidly enough to keep Germany from recovering too promptly, if at all. She would incorporate in the plan a hard and fast definition of default, and provide for automatic military intervention, either independently or in conjunction with her Allies, upon the emergence of such predefined default. Americans may think that it makes no practical difference, if the Germans have no intention of defaulting. It does make a difference, however, a difference of vast importance. Who knows today that Germany can pay the sums fixed in the Dawes report? Who can say, looking ahead ten or fifteen years, that Germany will not go through periods of economic crises that will make even reasonable cash arrangements uncertain? The constant menace of military intervention in case of default would operate to transform every industrial slackening into a crisis of the first magnitude.

American finance has had an excellent opportunity to discover that substantial sums cannot be collected through military intervention. Military sanctions for the Dawes plan would be futile, except in the instances in which they would be pernicious. And if America complacently admits such sanctions and then proceeds to invest heavily in German trade and industry, her own material interests will suffer disastrously the next time that military intervention is applied. Thus America will find herself up to the ears in a European dispute, while still no doubt professing isolation.

It rests with America today to place European reconstruction on a sound or an unsound basis. If America decides that the Dawes plan must be accepted as it stands, with no other sanctions than are provided in the plan itself, her decision will

prove final. England has already taken such a position. Italy is prepared to do the same, and Belgium will follow. France will cry out but she will yield, because the failure of the Dawes plan would carry France down to bankruptcy and a Fascist revolution. America has no reason whatever to compromise on this point. She alone of the nations interested can entertain the thought of failure of the Dawes plan without apprehension of economic distress and political disaster.

Will President Coolidge and Mr. Hughes recognize this situation and act accordingly? Or will they fall into the vice of complacency and compromise that defeated President Wilson's aspirations for a just peace? It is not often given to a nation twice within a decade to determine the fate of the world. Let it not be written that twice America had the opportunity, and twice through lack of understanding she failed to grasp it.

Republican Degeneracy

THE New Republic begins the publication in this issue of a series of articles on the background and the practices of the so-called "Ohio gang" that descended on Washington when the late Mr. Harding entered the White House. We are not publishing this essay in American political pathology for the purpose of denouncing and exposing members of the group. They have denounced and exposed themselves. We shall assume not only that they are unfit to occupy a responsible position in the government of the country but that they are obviously and notoriously unfit. The interesting aspect of their invasion of Washington is less what they did or how blameworthy they were in doing it than how they obtained and continued to exercise the license to operate one of the great federal offices. The spectacle of Daugherty and his henchmen in control of the law-enforcing department of the federal government was from the start always and necessarily a hideous absurdity. This absurdity was either overlooked, tolerated, connived at or defended by thousands of upright Republicans who would themselves have scorned to behave in the same way. What the American public needs to understand is how a man like Daugherty came to be Attorney-General, why he was tolerated, and what are the motives of his party colleagues in not explicitly repudiating him and his ways.

Fully to explain how a man of Daugherty's antecedents and character came to receive the appointment of Attorney-General would demand an exhaustive analytic narrative of Republican party politics from the time, almost twenty-five years ago when Mark Hanna condemned Daugherty as unfit to serve as Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, until the nomination of Harding. But the main outline and the essential facts may be briefly told. Soon after Theodore Roosevelt

became President a struggle began within the Republican party as to whether the dominant faction in the party should consist of the progressives who wished to reform the party organization and liberalize its policy or the conservatives who were willing to overlook the doubtful conduct of the "boys" so long as the party kept a united front against the enemy and remained the trustworthy political handmaid of the large business interests of the country. In the first years of this struggle, both Harding and Daugherty belonged to the violently anti-Roosevelt faction. They operated in close political comradeship with Joseph B. Foraker, who was bitterly hostile both to Hanna and Roosevelt, and when the "muck rakers" revealed Foraker's connection with the Standard Oil Company and he was retired from public life, they accompanied him for the time being into retirement. But they continued to be unrepentant stand-patters and machine politicians who abhorred Roosevelt and his tendency to subordinate party harmony to the reformation of the party leadership and the agitation for progressive policies. They remained comparatively inactive until 1912 when official Republicanism repudiated the idea of reforming the party and its policy from within. Thereafter Harding and Daugherty rapidly regained their standing in Ohio. In 1914 Harding was elected Senator and two years later vigorously opposed any tendency towards a revival of Roosevelt's influence in the party. There was never the slightest question about the significance of his own candidacy for the Republican nomination in 1920. He represented frankly and exclusively that faction in the party which was implacably opposed to risking the cohesion of the party upon the sincere maintenance of standards of personal probity and progressive policy.

Such was the record and such were the associations of the man whom the Republican convention selected as its candidate in June 1920. There was, we believe, something accidental in this result. But for the most part it was a deliberate choice which a number of unscrupulous and frivolous politicians fastened on the party in the expectation of accomplishing certain results. He was not nominated as a popular favorite or as an extremely available candidate (for he was neither), but precisely because they knew him to be the kind of politician who could be persuaded to appoint men like Daugherty and Fall to office. There was a small group of powerful Republican politicians to whom it was important to seat in the presidential chair a pliant, accommodating fellow, who was disposed "to make it easy" for big business and to grant to Republican machine politics a free hand. They confidently predicted Harding's nomination weeks in advance at a time when there seemed to be no plausibility or health in it to an observer on the side lines. Aided by circumstances they put it over, but their ability to put it over was an indication of a profound degeneration in morale of the Re-

publican party. Because that faction in the party which had fought to keep its standards high and its politics progressive had either been driven out or reduced to silence and impotence, the Republican convention submitted without resistance to the nomination of a candidate who was the most conspicuous man in the opposite faction and who disbelieved in progressivism and reform. The nomination of Harding was one of the few emphatic victories of a deliberately sinister, crooked and frivolous group of conspirators in the greater manoeuvres of American politics. The depressing part of it is not that they hatched the conspiracy or that they nominated Harding but that it aroused practically no resistance among thousands of leading Republicans who could not have approved of it.

Harding's election was bound to result in the kind of scandals which developed in the administration of the Veterans Bureau, the Interior Department and the Attorney-General's office. But again the discouraging and sinister aspect of these scandals is less that they occurred and were exposed than that they were concealed for so long, that so many Republicans who did not participate in them, connived at their concealment and that, now they are exposed, the majority of Republicans regret the exposures and denounce the "muck rakers" as public enemies. What the exposures should have done was to arouse the better Republicans to a shocked apprehension of the disastrous error which the party committed in nominating for the Presidency a man of Harding's associations and weaknesses and to a determination to repair the mistake and safeguard the party and the country against its repetition. But the effect of the revelations has been just the opposite. The whole party except the progressives from the insurgent western states is apparently unanimous in denying and ignoring that it committed a mistake in nominating a man like Harding, in evading and disclaiming any general responsibility for what has occurred and in publicly reprobating not their obviously guilty colleagues but the shameless investigators. The Republican party under the leadership of weak men like Coolidge and Pepper and violent men like Daugherty and Adams is in these critical days writing the legend of its own ignoble future on the wall. Its acts and its words declare that it will not and cannot permit the practice within the party of candid criticism and thorough-going reform. It can hereafter offer no future for men of independent judgment, unaccommodating standards and progressive outlook who, in order to prevent the party from suffering from the penalties of exposure, refuse to overlook, connive at or condone the misdeeds of their fellow Republicans.

So long as the Republican party maintains this attitude, it is certain to undergo hereafter a progressive deterioration. It will become more than ever the safe harbor for those politicians who expect, while in public office, to be allowed to carry

on profitable private traffic with relative impunity, and to be so far as possible protected in the event of exposure. Whenever it assumes power it will, of course, do over again what Mr. Harding did after his election. It will appoint its "best minds," its Hugheses, its Mellons and Hoovers, to many of the major offices so as to present a respectable public appearance. It will know that it can trust these gentlemen to look the other way while the Falls and the Daughertys get to work. If and when the exposure comes it will know that the best minds will wear an air of pained surprise and outraged innocence and that they will find some good reason deduced from the Constitution and the eternal political verities to discourage the investigations and denounce the investigators. The Republican party will then have finally become a close corporation managed and organized for the purpose of concealing from the public and from its better members its inner corruption. Its best minds and lofty consciences will wax more callous to this misbehavior of their associates and will excuse their complicity on the same grounds on which so many patriotic Frenchmen excused the conviction of Dreyfus. They will associate the perpetuation of the Republican party, based on a loyal comradeship between its Daughertys and its Hugheses, with the safety of the Republic and will condemn its opponents as lawless radicals and as malignant fomenters of treason, anarchy and heresy. Such is the inevitable fate of governing bodies which are conscious of their own misdeeds but refuse to pay the price of reform and readjustment. They are obliged as the price of their own self-respect to live on illusions about their own inestimable value to their fellow countrymen and the depravity of their adversaries. They not only live on such illusions, but in the end they die of the same mixture of food and poison.

The Preaching of Christianity

THE Episcopal Bishop of Washington is circulating a pamphlet by Mr. Monell Sayre, "a man of practical affairs and large business experience" on the Revival of Christianity through the Power of Preaching. The pamphlet is apparently the introduction to a serious attempt on the part of the chapter of the Washington Cathedral to restore the vitality of Christianity in America. According to Mr. Sayre it "has lost its hold on the masses of the people." "It has shrunk into a concern of the so-called middle and upper classes." It is "in grave danger of ceasing to be a factor in America's life." Something needs to be done about it and Mr. Sayre is confident that he knows what to do.

He thinks Christianity can regain its popular influence provided the church repairs what he calls "an administrative defect." At present it does not

make sufficient provision "to attract the souls whom the spirit of Christ has not yet touched." "The parish church and its pastor are admirably adapted to shepherd souls." "But to cast upon the parish church the other indispensable half of religion, that of attracting the multitude without, is to affront both worldly sense and Christian experience." It must be supplemented by some sufficient method "of carrying the message [of Christ] to the people where they are."

What Mr. Sayre means then by the Revival of Preaching is a revival of domestic missionary propaganda. The people must no longer be expected to flock to the church buildings, but the church militant should go out and convert them as the preaching friars did in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, wherever they are to be found. Mr. Sayre is not even satisfied with an open air service, held recently at the Washington cathedral, where forty thousand men and women listened to the sermon. This service assumed on the part of the people a disposition to go to church and seek salvation whereas the rescue of Christianity depends upon the disposition of the church to go to the people and impose Christianity on them despite their reluctance. It can attract the attention of the people by means of those "two mighty instruments of power, organization and publicity." At the head of the organization "under the general supervision of the Bishop of Washington, of course, must be the nearest approach our day affords to a St. Francis, an Ignatius Loyola or a John Wesley." His colleagues would be a "group of men filled with the spirit of evangelism, gifted with the power of speech and trained in all the arts of persuasion." To the national cathedral they would return frequently "to recruit their strength." "At the cathedral they will find teachers capable of adding new fire to their zeal" who will equip them "with every usance of the modern controversialist." In fact the Bishop of Washington and his cathedral would under Mr. Sayre's plan perform for American evangelical Christianity a function analogous to that which the Bishop of Rome performs for Catholicism. Around the cathedral would be centered the organization of the church militant, and from its pulpit would issue the persuasive, gifted and impassioned voices which are to re-convert the American laboring man to Christianity. It would become the central broadcasting station of the great Christian Revival.

It will be the business of Mr. Sayre's Revival of Preaching in the first place to "emphasize fundamental ethics" and in the second place to go to the rescue of something no less important than Christianity. "The individual basis of society is ceaselessly and skillfully attacked," but its defence goes "almost by default." "The Christian church has always stood as a rock on the truth" that "man's inner nature" requires the unimpaired maintenance of the institution of private property. Hence the

attack on society is not only political, it is religious, and naturally the defence must also be religious. Good Christians can, according to Mr. Sayre, accomplish it without straining their minds. "Nothing is so defensible by those really competent as the general state of organized human endeavor which has brought man from the thickets and the caves to his present mastery of nature and himself." "The Revival of Preaching in the twentieth century must mobilize all Christian forces not only to rescue Christ's religion but to protect organized society."

We are afraid that this part of the task of the church is not as free from serious difficulties as Mr. Sayre affirms. For the Revival of Preaching must according to his plan not only defend the institution of private property as an essential part of the religion of Jesus Christ but also restore to a church which has become the frank bulwark of private property in its existing institutional form the ardent loyalty of the wage-earning poor. The class whose members can only derive their own independence from the security and dignity of labor must be converted into ardent disciples of a religion and a church which considers the private possession of property, substantially as it now exists, indispensable to individual liberation and social security. This result Mr. Sayre hopes to accomplish by fishing up from the deep waters of American society the nearest possible contemporary approach to Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola, neither of whom, we are bound to add, regarded the institution of private property with Mr. Sayre's Christian reverence. The Revival of Preaching during the Middle Ages was intrusted to men who were vowed to poverty and begged their food from house to house, but in the twentieth century it will be entrusted to evangelists to whom private property is peculiarly sacred and who naturally, out of the mere impulse of sincerity, will wish to acquire a sufficiency of it as the bulwark of their own "inner natures." We do not feel nearly as confident as Mr. Sayre that such respectable, well-fed and thrifty propagandists will be able to duplicate the services to Christianity which were rendered by the mendicant friars and by the Jesuit missionaries. We are afraid that Mr. Sayre's "large business experience" has deceived him into attaching more importance to "private property," "organization and publicity" in their relation to missionary Christianity than would the less sophisticated but more successful Christian of other times and countries.

No less doubtful is Mr. Sayre's proposal to rescue Christianity by means of a Revival of Preaching. He might just as well try to rescue a dipsomaniac by advising him to substitute gin for whiskey as his favorite medium of intoxication. For many centuries Christians have convinced themselves and other people of the truth of Christianity chiefly by discourse. The Christian evangelist was above everything else a loyal, a persuasive and an

indefatigable preacher. Since the Reformation Christianity has lived and propagated itself by the Word. There were undoubtedly irresistible reasons for this apotheosis of preaching, derived in part from the facts that Christendom was a universe of discourse but a jungle of activities and that for Protestants the Sacred Writ was the fountain head of authority; but these reasons ceased to be persuasive just in so far as the new science began to understand and control the activities of man and nature and to look doubtfully on the verbal inspiration of the Bible.

In the days when preaching was a power, words were comparable to a coinage consisting chiefly of gold and copper. Christians transacted vulgar affairs of life by exchanging words of copper, but the golden coinage they kept chiefly for the clergy who printed sacred symbols on it and tried to protect it against debasement. But while they were engaged in this pious task, the purely secular transactions of life increased in their power of satisfying human needs and in the dignity of their interests. It became necessary to add proportionately to the volume and denominations of the verbal currency in which these transactions were carried on. This secular paper currency which could not be exchanged for gold if it were presented for payment has come to compete far more dangerously with the gold coinage of the Christian church than Christian clergymen seem to realize. They still depend almost entirely upon the inspirational value of words as their best means of converting themselves and other people to Christianity. Mr. Monell Sayre only provides an unusually emphatic illustration of a failure to understand the inflation which has overtaken the spiritual currency of Christianity. If this failure continues it will in the end render Christian missionary work indistinguishable from secular propaganda for or against special social institutions and projects.

The proposed Revival of Preaching, should it be adopted on the scale and for the purposes advocated by Mr. Sayre, would enormously accelerate the process which is now going on of depriving Christian truth of its authority not merely over the mass of the people but over scientifically educated men and women. The future ability of Christianity to maintain the fascination which it hitherto has exercised upon the imagination of the western peoples depends upon the realization by the Christian clergy that they can no longer expect to mould and regenerate human lives by composing or repeating sacred words and formulas. Once they attain this discovery they will have cleared away the most formidable obstacle to a revival of the authority of Christianity. For they will thereby necessarily impose on themselves the task of devising a substitute for their customary means of transmitting Christian authority. There is only one source from which such a substitute can come. In the past good Christians have assumed that, in as much as they

passionately or devoutly envisaged and willed the end of human fulfillment, they also willed the means. In making this assumption, they exceeded the terms of their license. For in order to will the means they needed knowledge of themselves and control of their own activities which they could only obtain by arduous, purposive inquiry and experiment. The failure to push these inquiries is the cause of their present perplexities. The attempt to repair this failure is their way out. If there is to be any revival of Christianity in a naturalistic age, Christians must vindicate it as a way of life to which preaching will never afford the clue. The translation of Christianity into a valid way of life depends upon the ability of Christian educators to find an authentic method which will enable them to conduct and unfold human lives in the light of authentic knowledge about their human nature.

The Slackening of Business

TEXTILE mills on half time or shut down, a war to reduce wages impending; the shoe market in uncertain condition; clothing manufacturers discouraged; wholesale prices sagging; automobile production slowing down; frequent tremors in Wall Street. The medicine men of big business put on their false faces and cry their incantations against such demons as "high taxes," "Congress," "western radicals," "tampering with the railroads," or that more impersonal devil, "equal and opposite action and reaction."

The interesting feature of this situation is that these symptoms of bad business appear in industries which are directly dependent on the purchases of the ordinary consumer—the wage earner, the small business man, the farmer. In the markets dependent on the investments of the money-owners, prospects seem rosy. Profits in 1923 available for reinvestment were higher even than in 1920. Never was there such a reserve of bank credit. Building contracts awarded are larger than ever before. Railroad traffic is heavy; orders for new equipment continue. The steel industry has just passed a point of the highest production in its history, and new requirements in many important lines promise a fair volume of trade. And the activity in such primary markets is being maintained chiefly on current demand—there is little accumulation of speculative advance orders. The rich men's devils seem created for popular terrorization; they do not much affect the business commitments of their authors.

Since the slackness is appearing chiefly in industries dependent on retail consumers, it cannot be due to political or other injury inflicted on the resources of the large investors. It must be due rather to a lack of adjustment between retail consumers' demands and the capacity of the industries which serve them. The woman who wants to buy a yard of gingham does not restrain herself

because the surtax on large profits has not been reduced, or may be reduced only to thirty-five percent. The man who needs a pair of shoes does not pause at the threshold of the store and turn away because of the reflection that the railroads are making less than five and three-quarters percent on their tentative valuation and La Follette may run for President. Nor does the manufacturer of knee pants tear his hair because, in a season when demand is so light and competition so severe that he must cut prices to the bone, some capital is going into tax-exempt securities rather than into more productive capacity in the clothing shops.

To explain the slump in manufacture we must examine the relation between the purchasing power of the public and the capacity of the mills. Has purchasing power fallen off? Hardly. There is as yet little unemployment except in the factories affected by the insufficient retail demand. Wages have not, on the average, been reduced. On the contrary, the weekly earnings of factory workers are higher than a year ago, while the cost of living has not risen. Average purchasing power of manufacturing wage-earners is perhaps ten percent above the spring of 1923, and twenty-five percent above the prewar level. Wheat farmers are still suffering, as are stock-raisers, but their total receipts were larger last year than in any year since 1920. Retail trade, according to all the statistical indices, covering both city and country, is fairly active. Yet it seems not to be active enough to keep the factories in question functioning anywhere near capacity.

The truth apparently is that textiles, shoes, clothing and numerous other lines of production are suffering from over-expansion in relation even to the enlarged demand. During the war these industries were pressed to the utmost activity. The prices of their products rose out of all reason, enormous profits were made, and capital, attracted by the big profits, poured into new equipment. Wool receipts at Boston in 1917 were 225 percent of the 1913 level, while last year they were only 185 percent. Cotton consumption, which was in 1917 at 122 percent of 1913, has lately been closer to 100. Much the same story might be told of shoes, and of the cheaper grades of clothing.

During the depression of 1921 retail purchasers economized as much as possible, and wholesalers' and retailers' stocks were reduced to an even greater extent. After the revival a fuller use of capacity was needed to supply the deficiency, but the demand could not endure, and did not. Now the excess capacity, with its heavy burden of capitalization and fixed charges, is bearing down on a market where prices must be fixed by keen competition, and upon an excess of labor forces which makes possible unemployment and wage reduction.

To this danger is added the chronic unemployment due to over-expansion of the bituminous coal industry, and the perilous situation created by the

rapid development of automobile factories to a capacity far in advance of the probable need for replacements, once the initial purchasers of cars are satisfied. To it is added the probability that the railroads will cut down their expenditures for betterments and repairs the moment a car surplus appears, in pursuance of their customary spasmodic policy in this respect.

Economists have not given much credence to Mr. J. A. Hobson's theory that depressions are caused by "over-saving," but if a general depression should result from the present trade slack, it is difficult to see how they can avoid the conclusion that too heavy a capital investment in relation to popular purchasing power is one of its causes. If the depression is avoided, it will be because the expansion of purchasing power, due to higher real wages and improvement of the farmers' position, will take up the slack before its consequences become too serious. The economists can hardly maintain with Mr. Mellon that still more capital should go indiscriminately into productive enterprises which already are over-equipped.

Surely one of the most prominent flaws in our present method of providing wanted goods through the free play of "demand and supply" is the lack of any reasonable or foresighted behavior in capital accumulation and investment. It may be visionary to imagine a board of engineers forecasting popular demand in all essential commodities, regulating the return to capital to such a point that savings will not unduly outrun the necessity to supply this demand, and properly apportioning these savings so that housing for the workers will have enough, while automobiles, coal, cotton and shoes will not have too much. But surely we can approach the same end wherever the collective will is now in part applied to the distribution of income—in wage settlements, in taxation, in the use of credit, and in well-calculated efforts to prevent peaks and troughs of activity in the several industries. Surely we can only obscure the end and obstruct the action of intelligence in achieving it by superstitious devil-rites based on the dogma that the greater the share of the rich at any given moment, the more prosperous will be the nation.

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The Ohio Gang

I. In Ohio

THIS series of articles which will attempt to describe the origins of the Ohio gang, how it got to Washington, and what it did there, ought to begin with a call for two distinguished journalists: Lincoln Steffens and Will Irwin.

Steffens and Irwin!—where are you?

Both of you, as it happens, went and looked at the Ohio gang when it was operating on its native heath. You did so long ago, in those years before the war which now seem so incredibly remote and unsophisticated. You witnessed and described for the world in general the processes of the machine politicians who ruled then as they do today, who reached out in 1920 and took over Washington as in past times they had taken Cincinnati and Cleveland and Columbus and the state government. You discovered and reported there a system stronger, more efficient and intelligent than any individual in it; you told us what happens when the politicians get full and unhampered control. Your predictions have been amply fulfilled in the past three years. Today you may see and the whole world may see what resulted when the state machine, by a series of events which I shall describe a little later, got control of a large part of the federal government. There is food for thought, in the spectacle . . .

I have been told, of course, and with sharpness, that I must not write about the origins of the Ohio gang. For President Warren G. Harding was closely allied with it; President Harding is dead; and of the dead one must speak no ill. To this rule I should be quite willing to yield if it were the fact that nothing is to be gained from such a discussion. But in this case I think the theory is wholly untenable. Corrupt individuals are hiding behind the shadow of death, are counting upon a proper and natural sentiment to keep their dishonest conduct concealed. I believe the future welfare of the country is gravely involved in the question of how the Ohio gang happened to come to Washington and what it did there. Fair-minded persons will agree, I think, that the rule, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" has limits, and that these limits have been passed.

Do not misunderstand me. I have no revelations of personal wrongdoing on the part of President Harding to make. The worst I have to say of him is that he was part of, contributed to, believed in a system which not only permitted wrongdoing by other men but almost inevitably led to that wrongdoing; that he allowed himself, probably in ignorance, to be made the cat's paw

of men with sinister purposes. But there is not a word to be said of him that cannot be said with equal truth of thousands of others in every city in America, Democrats as well as Republicans—men whose personal standards of honor are high, who would not dream of associating deliberately with any criminal (except a bootlegger), men who are admirable husbands and parents—in short, who are a most solid element in our most solid civilization.

I should confess frankly at this point that I have small patience with the Wicked Man theory. Certainly the revelations which have come out of Washington in the past few months are such as to shock and dishearten every good citizen; and certainly those who have broken the law should be punished. But I for one find it impossible to accept the view that a corruptionist in high office is a sort of unpleasant miracle, a freak of nature, without relation to what has happened in the past and will happen in the future. Admitting certainly that there are bad men and good ones, I submit that when a whole group of dishonest individuals suddenly appears in one place at one time it is more than coincidence. I believe it means that a special soil has produced a special crop. In the case of the Ohio gang, that soil was not in Washington, where its most conspicuous deeds were done, but in Ohio itself.

For two full generations—which is as far back as we have any need to go—government in the chief cities of Ohio has been for most of the time in the hands of machine politicians; and by and large, these politicians have been corrupt. Sometimes they have been Democrats; more usually Republicans. From time to time, as in other states, the machine has been defeated in one city or another, and a triumphant group of reformers has taken control only to reveal its own helplessness in the face of the enemy's organization, discipline and efficiency. While some permanent improvement has often been effected, at the next election the machine has usually come back. The bosses of the leading cities, by alliance with one another, have sought to control state politics, and have often succeeded.

In Ohio, as elsewhere, the rule of the boss is a combination of influence through strong personality and through a high-g geared economic organization. The chief holds his place, just as the governor of a Chinese province does, because he is stronger than any of those who surround him. He is also a centre of patronage: he invents as many municipal jobs as he can and sees to it that

every one of them is filled by a member of the machine. For himself and for a few of those closest to him there is graft in large sums, derived chiefly from the public utility corporations, which pay in order to get their franchises through the city council, or in fear of adverse legislation.

There is, of course, nothing remarkable in all this. It is a fair description of political life in a majority of American states and American cities, at present and for many years in the past. Ohio has hardly been more brazen in its shame than most other states, or more hopelessly discouraging to the reformer. Ohio, to be sure, produced Boss Cox. For a generation Cincinnati was chiefly notorious throughout the nation as the home of this fascinating figure, boss of the city, ruler of Hamilton county, in which it is located, and a chief figure in state politics.

The story of Boss Cox is too long to tell here in detail, absorbingly interesting though it is. He got his start in the Blaine campaign in 1884, the year in which a nineteen-year-old youth named Harding was buying a daily paper in the little town of Marion. (It was also in that year that John R. McLean, owner of the Cincinnati Enquirer, became the father of a son, whom he called Edward.) In only a few years Cox was undisputed master of Cincinnati politics, a position which he held until the day of his death, in 1915. Cox was a grafter. It was definitely proved that he had pocketed many thousands of dollars, bribes paid him by banks for illegally depositing with them Hamilton county funds. What additional sums he received from other sources no one knows; but there is every reason to suppose that they were large. Yet in spite of his universally conceded guilt, he was never formally punished. Formidable efforts to bring him to book, made by the decent citizens of Cincinnati over a period of more than six years, were all in vain.

When the reformers sent a delegation to the Ohio House of Representatives and demanded an investigation of the Cincinnati municipal administration, Carmi Thompson, an ally of Cox, who happened to be Speaker of the House, appointed a handpicked committee which could be relied upon to use whitewash. A real committee was secured later and the Ohio State Supreme Court, also packed with henchmen of the boss, ruled that it had no power to act. Another committee was appointed by the State Legislature, and the same Supreme Court abolished it. Effort after effort was made with similar results.

The facts about Cox's personal graft finally were revealed. The county treasurers had received many thousands of dollars in secret payments from the banks which were permitted the use (without interest, of course) of county funds. They had divided fifty-fifty with Cox. They had concealed his part in the transaction at first; and when they

were forced to pay back the bribes, they had to make up his share as well as their own. Naturally, they afterward sought to collect from Mr. Cox. His lawyer, who handled the transaction, actually had the impudence to deduct from the amount he had wormed out of Cox for the treasurers the sum of \$8,000 as his "fee." Yet despite the boss's openly stated dishonesty, Ohio politics was so completely corrupt that it was impossible to get him punished though the public exposure broke his spirit and perhaps his health.

I have mentioned Boss Cox not because he was unusual, but for precisely the opposite reason: because he was characteristic of politics in Ohio as it was then, and, speaking in general, is today. Other men had important places in the scheme of things. Though some of them were bitter personal enemies, and though they differed widely in personal abilities, such men as Mark Hanna in Cleveland, Joseph B. Foraker in Cincinnati, William B. McKinley in the Cleveland territory, Walter Brown in Toledo, Maurice Maschke in Cleveland, Rud Hynicka in Cincinnati (Cox's lieutenant and successor), Malcolm Karshner in Columbus—all and many more played or are today playing their part in the sordid story of Ohio.

Into this story are woven the names of some other men who have come into a national prominence far greater than that of those in Ohio whose subordinates they were. Warren G. Harding, Harry M. Daugherty, Jesse Smith, Howard Manington—for thirty years their activities are inextricably interwoven with those of the individuals I have mentioned. When the Ohio gang moved to Washington in the spring of 1921, it only continued and elaborated on a big scale the political practices of a long apprenticeship at home. What those practices were, and how they were applied in Washington, I shall tell in a subsequent article.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

(Note: This is the first of a series of articles, of which the second will appear in an early issue.)

In Durance

I'll dig under the earth soured with death
And ask the munching worms if they were sired
By nobler than themselves, who, Troy being fired,
Grew fat on heroes, not on bones and breath.
I'll sound the weedy caverns of the seas
To find the carcass of Leviathan,
And of his leathern heart construct a man
Fit to endure such wintry years as these.
I'll climb the air to bring a vulture down,
Bid him pluck out the young buds' shuttered eyes,
Lest they should see the bloom; and where he flies
The dark will scream to give him bleak renown.
Alive or dead, uneasy I must lie
In this cracked world, that is as base as I.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

Russian Debts and a New Loan*

I.

THE crux of the Russian problem, as it presents itself to the world today, is the question of foreign credits. It is almost universally admitted that Russia must have loans for the purpose of rehabilitating her economic life, shattered in the last decade by the war and the revolution. But the possibility of such loans is complicated by the crushing heritage of past obligations and the equally difficult handicap of the attitude toward the question of Russia's international obligations still adhered to by the Soviet régime.

At the Genoa Conference of 1922, called for the purpose of laying the groundwork for a genuine economic rehabilitation of Europe, the Russian situation was in the foreground of the discussion. The disastrous effects of the shattered economic life of Central and Eastern Europe upon the trade and industry of Western Europe, had led to the conclusion on the part of most political and business leaders that without Russian and German rehabilitation no rapid recovery from the effects of the war could be expected. A way for the resumption of trading operations with Russia must somehow be found.

It was regarded as self-evident that any Russian government, now in power or henceforth to be in power, must first of all recognize without equivocation ordinary contractual obligations both with reference to the past and the future. Otherwise any negotiations looking toward credit relations with Russia would be futile. It was therefore laid down as a basic principle that Russia must recognize the *legality* of all outstanding foreign obligations whatsoever, whether contracted before or during the war, by the Russian Imperial government, by the Provisional government, by municipalities and local communities or by private companies or individuals—wherever such private property had been confiscated or nationalized by the state.

Recognizing the legality of obligations is, however, a very different matter from paying such obligations. The conferees at the Genoa meeting, realizing in some measure the economic difficulties likely to confront *any* Russian government for some time to come, left the door open to a possible adjustment of Russia's external obligations in conformity with any general plan that might be concluded "between the Allied and Associated Powers for the liquidation or rearrangement of war debts."

The Genoa Conference was entirely right in its implication that the Russian debt problem could not be disassociated from the general problem of war debts, and that its adjustment must be made a

part of a general program of international debt adjustment. The world implications of the Russian problem are such that it cannot be solved by a mere reopening of trade and financial relations with Russia on the part of any single country or group of countries. It is essentially an international affair. The Russian debt situation must be considered as an integral part if the whole international debt impasse.

II.

The primary purpose of a study we have just made of the Russian debt problem has been to disclose the pertinent facts and the controlling factors in Russia's foreign debt situation with a view to ascertaining what adjustments are required. More specifically, we set out to answer three primary questions, viz., (1) What are the amounts which any Russian government would have to pay abroad on account of the various foreign obligations for which Russia is now held responsible? (2) What is involved in obtaining these amounts within the country by means of budgetary surpluses? (3) What is involved in making these surpluses available abroad and what is the probable Russian capacity to make such payments?

The answer to the first question is that Russia is obligated to pay 13,823,000,000 gold rubles, of which 6,681,000,000 gold rubles is for war borrowings and 7,142,000,000 gold rubles for prewar debts, both public and private. The interest charges, making no allowance for amortization, amount to 400,000,000 rubles on the war debt and 320,000,000 rubles on the various prewar obligations, making a total of 720,000,000 rubles.

The answer to the second question is that, given a return to the prewar scale of economic activity, Russia might possibly be able to balance her domestic budget and obtain a surplus sufficient to meet the interest on a considerable part of her foreign obligations. The budget problem, however, will present enormous difficulties, notwithstanding the annihilation of the domestic public debt through the processes of monetary inflation.

The answer to the first part of the third question is that Russia can convert domestic budgetary surpluses into the foreign currencies in which foreign payments are required, only by developing an adequate surplus of exports over indispensable imports. There might conceivably be a budgetary surplus and yet it might be impossible to meet foreign payments because of an unsatisfactory foreign trade situation. From the point of view of debt-paying capacity, Russia's foreign trade problem presents much greater difficulties than the internal budget problem.

With reference to the second part of the third question—Russia's probable capacity to meet her foreign payments from an export surplus—we have based our estimates on the assumption that, with

* This article forms part of an extended discussion of the Russian question which will be published shortly by the McGraw Hill Book Company, New York City, under the title *Russian Debts and Russian Reconstruction*.

the aid of reconstruction loans, Russia returns to the prewar scale of economic activity. If Russia regains her prewar status, we estimate that her favorable trade balance would not greatly exceed 100,000,000 rubles a year. This amount is sufficient merely to cover the interest charges on a reconstruction loan of about 1,400,000,000 rubles, allowing for no margin of income above interest obligations. No interest payments would be possible on either the war or the prewar state debt, nor could any interest or dividends be paid to foreign holders of Russian industrial securities.

If, in the course of years, Russia should succeed in developing her internal resources and in increasing her export surplus, she might ultimately be able to assume some charges on account of prewar debts. Her ability to succeed in this direction will be governed not merely by the success of internal reforms; it will be controlled quite as much by the rapidity and the extent to which Russia's markets in Central and Western Europe are restored and expanded.*

If Russia is to recover economic stability, she must have reconstruction loans; and the interest on these loans must be given priority over all past Russian government obligations. Without a prior lien on Russian income, such loans would have to be regarded as the worst credit risk in the world.

III.

Three choices confront the world with reference to the Russian situation: First, there may be a do-nothing policy, with Russia left adrift. Second, there may be an exploitation of Russian resources through the medium of concessions, with the problem of existing indebtedness remaining unsolved. Third, there may be a real settlement of the whole Russian debt problem negotiated in a statesmanlike manner.

Russia may be left severely alone, either because the Russian government fails to meet the conditions stipulated by other countries as a basis for resumption of trade and financial relations, or be-

cause of a fixed opinion that Russia should be forced to lie in the bed which she has made for herself. Under such conditions, insistence that Russia make any payments on her existing debts would be nothing more than an empty gesture. Russia would, however, survive, and many millions of people would continue to eke out a precarious existence on the great white plains of Eastern Europe. But a thriving agricultural, commercial, and industrial Russia would be quite out of the question. That country's great potentialities would be lost to the world.

The question of Russia's outstanding indebtedness may be allowed to drift and new foreign capital may be invested in Russia in the form of private concessions, seized upon as a means of exploiting that country's rich natural resources. Concessions represent special claims by the investing groups upon specific resources. The concessionaires not only have a prior, but they have a sole, lien upon the resources specified. No recognition is given to the existing claims of others upon the income of the country granting the concessions; and but scant attention is paid to the general economic needs of the country itself. The whole history of the concession business—in the Orient, in Persia and the Levant, and in Latin America—is a record of sharp bargaining by special profit-seeking interests. Such is the essence of the concessions that have already been offered by the Soviet régime in Russia.

A policy of concessions affords no real solution of the Russian problem. Some foreign capital might find its way into the country on this basis, and considerable internal development would occur; but Russia could not possibly by this means be restored as an economic entity capable of meeting its existing obligations to the rest of the world. Concessionaires would be concerned only with intensively exploiting the particular resources over which they have acquired exclusive rights during a certain number of years; they would not be concerned with assisting Russia in obtaining a balanced national budget, a sound monetary system, or a favorable balance of trade. At best concessions would make of Russia another China or another Turkey. If we wish to see Russia become another vast area within which foreign capitalists struggle for control of natural resources and seek the aid of their respective governments in support of their various claims, the opportunity may be at hand,—for left to herself Russia may be powerless to resist pressure in that direction. If we wish to see the various parts of Russia's broad domain become spheres of influence, protectorates, and finally virtual colonies of rival foreign governments and capitalistic groups, we need merely seize the present opportunity. But if we are to embark upon such a policy let it be with open eyes and without illusions as to where it leads.

The rest of the world, as a third choice, may take the stand that the Russian problem is to be settled by direct negotiation with Russia just

* An analysis of Russia's prewar economic situation reveals the fact that during the twenty-year period immediately preceding the war Russia was scarcely able to meet, from year to year, the payments which she had to make abroad for her imports, as well as on account of the services rendered her by foreigners and of the interest and dividends on the various types of her foreign indebtedness. Her international revenue came almost solely from the proceeds of her exports, fully ninety percent of which were taken by the other countries of Europe, principally Germany. Although she made every effort to expand her exports, she did not find it possible to do this fast enough and on a sufficiently large scale, with the result that she was obliged to have almost continuous resort to new borrowings, in order to meet interest payments on her foreign debts and thus keep out of international bankruptcy. Her hope lay then, as it does now, in increasing her export surplus through a development of her national production, and in finding foreign markets for this surplus.

as soon as a responsible Russian government accepts the paramount conditions heretofore laid down. Such a settlement would be based fundamentally on two assumptions: First, that Russia remain a sovereign nation, meeting her foreign obligations by ordinary trade and financial methods; and, second, that in the interest of all con-

cerned she be restored to her proper place in the economic fabric of nations. With this approach to the problem, the first formidable task to be resolutely undertaken is a thoroughgoing adjustment of Russia's financial obligations as a part of a comprehensive program of European reconstruction.

LEO PASVOLSKY AND HAROLD G. MOULTON.

The Patron and the Crocus

YOUNG men and women beginning to write are generally given the plausible but utterly impracticable advice to write what they have to write as shortly as possible, as clearly as possible, and without other thought in their minds except to say exactly what is in them. Nobody ever adds on these occasions the one thing needful: "And be sure you choose your patron wisely," though that is the gist of the whole matter. For a book is always written for somebody to read, and, since the patron is not merely the paymaster, but also in a very subtle and insidious way the instigator and inspirer of what is written, it is of the utmost importance that he should be a desirable man.

But who then is the desirable man—the patron who will cajole the best out of the writer's brain and bring to birth the most varied and vigorous progeny of which he is capable? Different ages have answered the question differently. The Elizabethans, to speak roughly, chose the aristocracy to write for and the playhouse public. The eighteenth-century patron was a combination of coffee-house wit and Grub-street bookseller. In the nineteenth century the great writers wrote for the half-crown magazines and the leisured classes. And looking back and applauding the splendid results of these different alliances, it all seems enviably simple, and plain as a pikestaff compared with our own predicament—for whom should we write? For the present supply of patrons is of unexampled and bewildering variety. There is the daily press, the weekly press, the monthly press; the English public and the American public; the best-seller public and the worst-seller public; the high-brow public and the red-blood public; all now organized self-conscious entities capable through their various mouthpieces of making their needs known and their approval or displeasure felt. Thus the writer who has been moved by the sight of the first crocus in Kensington Gardens has, before he sets pen to paper, to choose from a crowd of competitors the particular patron who suits him best. It is futile to say: "Dismiss them all; think only of your crocus," because writing is a method of communication; and the crocus is an imperfect crocus until it has been shared. The first man or the last may write for himself alone, but he is an exception

and an unenviable one at that, and the gulls are welcome to his works if the gulls can read them.

Granted then that every writer has some public or other at the end of his pen, the high-minded will say that it should be a submissive public, accepting obediently whatever he likes to give it. Plausible as the theory sounds, great risks are attached to it. For in that case the writer remains conscious of his public, yet is superior to it—an uncomfortable and unfortunate combination, as the works of Samuel Butler, George Meredith, and Henry James may be taken to prove. Each despised the public; each desired a public; each failed to attain a public; and each wreaked his failure upon the public by a succession, gradually increasing in intensity, of angularities, obscurities, and affectations which no writer whose patron was his equal and friend would have thought it necessary to inflict. Their crocuses in consequence are tortured plants, beautiful and bright, but with something wry-necked about them, malformed, shrivelled on the one side, overblown on the other. A touch of the sun would have done them a world of good. Shall we then rush to the opposite extreme and accept (if in fancy alone) the flattering proposals which the editors of the Times and the Daily News may be supposed to make us—"Twenty pounds down for your crocus in precisely fifteen hundred words which shall blossom upon every breakfast table from John o' Groats to the Land's End before nine o'clock tomorrow morning with the writer's name attached?"

But will one crocus be enough, and must it not be a very brilliant yellow to shine so far, to cost so much, and to have one's name attached to it? The press is undoubtedly a great multiplier of crocuses. But, if we look at some of these plants, we shall find that they are only very distantly related to the original little yellow or purple flower which pokes up through the grass in Kensington Gardens about this time of year. The newspaper crocus is a different but still a very amazing plant. It fills precisely the space allotted to it. It radiates a golden glow. It is genial, affable, warm-hearted. It is beautifully finished, too, for let nobody think that the art of "our dramatic critic" of the Times or of Mr. Lynd of the Daily News is an easy one. It is no despicable feat to start a

million brains running at nine o'clock in the morning, to give two million eyes something bright and brisk and amusing to look at. But the night comes and these flowers fade. So little bits of glass lose their lustre if you take them out of the sea; great prima donnas howl like hyenas if you shut them up in telephone boxes; and the most brilliant of articles when removed from its element is dust and sand and the husks of straw. Journalism embalmed in a book is unreadable.

The patron we want then is one who will help us to preserve our flowers from decay. But as his qualities change from age to age, and it needs considerable integrity and conviction not to be dazzled by the pretensions or bamboozled by the persuasions of the competing crowd, this business of patron finding is one of the tests and trials of authorship, one of the bogs and quagmires into which he pitches headlong to suffocate miserably in the mud. Some of the modern patron's qualities are, however, fairly plain. The writer will require at this moment, it is obvious, a patron with the book-reading habit rather than the play-going habit. Nowadays, too, he must be instructed in the literature of other times and races. But there are other qualities which our special weaknesses and tendencies demand in him. There is the question of indecency, for instance, which plagues us and puzzles us much more than it did the Elizabethans. The twentieth-century patron must be immune from shock. He must distinguish infallibly between the little clod of manure which sticks to the crocus of necessity, and that which is plastered to it out of bravado. He must be a judge, too, of those influences which inevitably play so large a part in modern literature and able to say which matures and fortifies, which inhibits and makes sterile. Further, there is emotion for

him to pronounce on, and in no department can he do more useful work than in bracing a writer against sentimentality on the one hand and a craven fear of expressing his feeling on the other. It is worse, he will say, and perhaps more common, to be afraid of feeling than to feel too much. He will add, perhaps, something about language, and point out how many words Shakespeare used and how much grammar Shakespeare violated, while we, though we keep our fingers so demurely to the black notes on the piano, have not appreciably improved upon Antony and Cleopatra. But all this is by the way—elementary and disputable. The patron's prime quality is something different, only to be expressed perhaps by the use of that convenient word which cloaks so much—*atmosphere*. It is necessary that the patron should shed and envelop the crocus in an atmosphere which makes it appear a plant of the very highest importance, so that to misrepresent it is the one outrage not to be forgiven this side of the grave. He must make us feel that a single crocus, if it be a real crocus, is enough for him; that he does not want to be lectured, elevated, instructed, or improved; that he is sorry that he bullied Carlyle into vociferation, Tennyson into idylls, and Ruskin into insanity; that he is now ready to efface himself or assert himself as his writers require; that he is bound to them by a more than maternal tie; that they are twins indeed, one dying if the other dies, one flourishing if the other flourishes; that the fate of literature depends upon their happy alliance—all of which proves, as we began by saying, that the choice of a patron is of the highest importance. But how to choose rightly? How to write well? Those are the questions.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

My Daughter, Oh, My Daughter

THE Managing Editor was reading his morning mail.

"I have a twelve year old daughter—" thus the first letter began. He tried to smile cynically, being an absurdly young man. But the next letter also gave notice of a daughter's tender years. Likewise the third letter. So the pitifully young Managing Editor began to ponder, to meditate, consider, cogitate, and finally to think. Reaching no conclusion, as so often happens in the case of a managing editor, he visited the venerable Circulation Manager of The Daily Newsprint and spoke as follows:

"I'm getting kicks on our handling of the Sniff divorce case."

"Go lightly on the Sniff case," advised the C. M. "We are a family newspaper."

So the Managing Editor issued an edict, as follows: "Soft pedal on the Sniffs. Not over a column regardless."

Now The Daily Newsprint was a morning paper. Its despised rival, The Wow, was an afternoon rag. The Wow sent a sob sister and a Tired Old Man who wielded a lurid vocabulary in short sentences like gasps to report the Sniff case. They reported it on pages one, two, three, and continued reporting it on page sixteen. The Wow's circulation increased by fifteen hundred, which was sensational in Thatown.

So the pitifully young Managing Editor again called upon the veteran Circulation Manager and said:

"Can it be that the Sniff case is indecent at breakfast but delicious with dinner?"

"Yes," replied the C. M. Being old and experienced he didn't even smile, for the Managing Editor had merely stumbled upon an axiom of the trade.

"I will get at the cause of this," declared the pitifully young Managing Editor. "I must know why this is."

So he observed, compared and analyzed, very thoughtfully, for twelve years. Finally he brought in a report. It follows in full:

"I do not know."

The writer is familiar with all the processes leading up to this informative report for he was the pitifully young Managing Editor of *The Daily Newsprint*.

One day, while still absurdly young, he wrote a short story, and, in a feverish moment, sent it to the Editor of *The Golden Treasury of Literature*.

The Editor said: "The atrocity on page twelve ruins your story."

"What atrocity?" asked the young man.

"Do you not know that storks bring babies?" the Editor demanded.

"I used to," replied the young man, "but now I don't know it any more."

"Try to recall it," advised the Editor.

"I do try," pleaded the young man, "but *The Awful Monthly*, with its circulation of six billions obstructs my progress. How can it be that all of the readers of *The Golden Treasury of Literature* are fanatical on the subject of storks while *The Awful Monthly*—"

But the question was interrupted. The Editor of *The Golden Treasury Literature* was wringing his hands and sobbing hysterically: "I do not know! I do not know!"

On the Editor's desk was a letter beginning: "I have a daughter—"

So the young man resumed his investigations.

He discovered that one million six hundred and seventy-seven letters containing the words "I have a twelve year old daughter" are written annually to American editors. Of the writers ninety-two and five-eighths percent had been subscribers for twenty-five or more years before cancelling in disgust. Eighty-three percent of them are also subscribers to *The Awful Monthly*, *The Daily Newsprint* and *The Wow*. Of their daughters, aged twelve, seventy-six percent read whatever interests them in all publications coming within reach—from directions for cutting out paper dolls to the folders around patent medicine bottles. Of the total printed output examined the daughters consider ninety-eight and four-fifths percent utterly valueless, and an additional one percent desperately uninteresting.

In the *Daily Newsprint* they award first place to the funny paper. After that comes nothing eighteen times but lately the radio program has won a place. Among *The Wow's* features they prefer the funny paper. All other votes are "scatter-

ing." In the women's magazines they award first place to pictures and advertisements. The literary and general magazines are interesting chiefly for pictures and advertisements. Reviews and technical publications are examined for pictures and advertisements.

Long before the young man could do anything with his report, however, he had ceased to be an editor. He was a mere reader. Also he was no longer so ridiculously young. But he couldn't escape that ubiquitous twelve year old daughter. Her sticky fingers continue to smudge the pages of his reading matter. So he lifts up his voice ever and anon to plead as follows:

"I am not to blame for the awful tragedy that I grew into mature manhood. I did not will it so. Some mysterious power beyond my control directed my destiny. Since this fate has befallen so many of us may we not be excused now and then from the traditions of the nursery?"

The thought comes to my mind that perhaps letters from frightened fathers were what prompted Charles Lamb—when asked how he liked children—to reply: "Boiled."

My resentment as a writer, however, is mild compared to my feelings as a reader. I go to the library to get some book that was a classic before Andrew Carnegie's grandparents were married and—it isn't there. Why? Because frightened father has been wringing his hands and howling, "My Daughter, Oh, My Daughter!" In all probability neither she nor her father ever heard of the particular book I wanted. Moreover, I feel confident, after having looked into the tame eyes of some hundreds of librarians, that they can be depended upon not to force suspected volumes upon girls of tender years. It even occurs to me that it might be possible to prescribe a youth limit for borrowers of certain books.

But it is in current publications that I find the blighting effect of frightened father's letter most evident. The editors brought much of this misery upon themselves by announcing that they would issue magazines "for every member of the family." We have all seen such announcements, probably without giving them a second thought. But let us stop to consider for a moment what such announcements mean to a writer. Do I go too far if I say they promise a manifest impossibility? Let us try to translate such an announcement into an order from editor to contributor. The editor would speak about as follows: "Please do us a story that will bring a laugh to father and a joyous tear to mother, a thrill to adolescent son and daughter, continued interest to grandma and grandpa, without offending the old maid aunt or unduly enlightening the ubiquitous twelve-year-old; and give the story the very finest literary polish, without, of course, making it too high-brow for the immigrant in the kitchen who will fall heir to the publication as soon as it reaches the waste basket."

Merely because no one can perform such magic, however, don't surrender to the obvious but also absurd conclusion that the feat isn't attempted. It is.

You have doubtless read magazine stories that got away to magnificent starts and then fizzled out, becoming merely "somethin' t' read." Experience teaches a writer how to foul out in the last three paragraphs. As I observe his foolish gestures during the process I feel, however, that I have been cheated. Why couldn't the story have started in a manner that would put me on notice? If it is a story for twelve-year-olds I don't choose to waste my time on it. But I was misled by the opening paragraphs; the theme was certainly for mature minds, the characters were grown men and women, the background was a sophisticated world. But the conclusion was for the twelve-year-old.

With all reverence for childhood, I demand a clear road for men and women, too. Let there be also a children's road. Neither nationality, race, creed, nor any other barrier of which I have knowledge so divides people in their outlook upon life as difference in age. However, as matters stand, everything and everybody must get out of the way because a twelve year old daughter is being hauled along by father to a party she probably doesn't care to attend.

Where do we grown folks get off? I'm beginning to suspect that we never were aboard. Not this generation, anyway. Of course it isn't ordered thus in other countries. But you see we live in this country.

And now I want to consider the "My Daughter, Oh, My Daughter" letter from the viewpoint of the twelve year old boy I used to be. I remember him well.

As a reader of books he brought his little cup to the fountain and took away what it would hold. The things he could understand made a deep impression. The things that were not within his experience made no impression at all. For instance, I read Tom Sawyer and immediately proceeded to hunt buried treasure and explore a cave. I read Huck Finn and floated down the Mississippi River with him. Last Christmas I gave those two books to my little boy and then borrowed them from him. Have you read them since you grew up? They are marvelous! I've just discovered them! I want to rush out onto the street and yell at every man and woman I see: "Go read Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer!" To think of such books being regarded as children's books! And yet, they are. A child takes to them his little cup and it is filled. But the greatest among us will find there something that is worthy to grace his richest and largest vessel.

But I must say one thing for frightened father; namely, he has the courage of his convictions. He goes into action. Beside him I am a mere worm. Not even once have I written to say: "Sir: I am

a grown man." I don't believe anyone else ever has. There are very few magazines in this country that have not swindled me out of two bits—from my point of view—but I've never written a letter of complaint in my life. I take a long chance and if there is one article or story between the pretty girl on the front page and the Victrola ad on the back cover that pleases me I'm delighted. I pass over the other contents with a tolerance that astonishes, and, on second thought, disgusts me. But frightened father doesn't. He howls.

And that recalls another incident in the career of the ridiculously young Managing Editor. He had the brilliant idea that people were sick of Rube Goldberg's cartoons and the funny paper. They had been giving him indigestion every day for two months and he could stand it no longer. So he up and exercised his authority. He cancelled them. Leaving out the painful details, let it suffice to say that he will never make that mistake again. Frightened father of epistolary fame and the ubiquitous daughter not only know what they don't want but they also know what they do want—and a managing editor hears from them a-coming and a-going.

From long experience I know how to add the happy ending to this tale. It is to have frightened father die in due time and daughter prove sterile. But she won't. She'll learn just enough English to write letters; then she'll marry a man with enough money to subscribe to sixty-seven magazines and all my favorite newspapers; and worst of all she'll have a step-ladder of girls so that for the remainder of my life one of them will always be twelve years old.

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

Inlander

She, with her face of pallid coral,
Her mouth of shell, her hands,
Rose where the silver rocks were floral
And stood upon the sands.

A green wave shattered on her thighs,
Red sea-moss dragged her feet;
Her hair hung down all willow-wise
And shook a golden sleet.

But never yield that this is true,
That underneath those bitter pines
She rose like that and beckoned you
In rhythmic waveward signs.

For where these avenues have lain
This long so straight and sterile,
With such an image on your brain
You move in mortal peril.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Professor Hazen on the Causes
of the War

SIR: The articles which have recently appeared in your issues of March 19 and April 9 containing an extensive discussion of my books on European history and particularly expressing unqualified condemnation of my treatment of the causes of the late war prompt me to make a few remarks pertinent to the general subject. I realize, of course, that a writer of something "worse than bunk," a person who fails to make "a decent and respectable effort to tell the truth," a man who is brazen enough to present "the fiction of 1916" in a manual bearing the date of 1923, (to refer to some of Professor Barnes's urbane, if severe, characterizations), is at a disadvantage in asking for a hearing from any serious person. Without attempting to point out several misrepresentations that occur in the indictment or to reply in kind to the personalities distributed throughout Professor Barnes's pages, I shall address myself as briefly as I can, to the central charge.

"The one major, significant and damaging demonstration in my review," says Professor Barnes, in your issue of April 9, "was that the account of the origins of the war in Professor Hazen's 1923 work was actually written in 1916, when he could not possibly have had access to a single definitive work dealing with the outbreak of the great conflict, and that his listing of the more recent material in the bibliography of this chapter was but the most flagrant subterfuge and outrageous stratagem." In the review itself of March 19, Professor Barnes says: "And when a reputable historian refuses absolutely to take cognizance of a vast mass of first-hand source material which has completely revolutionized our knowledge of what he himself regards as the greatest crisis and episode in human history, we clearly have a case of 'criminal levity' which is beyond the scope and competence of the historical critic and must be referred to the psychiatrist with his proficiency in dealing with such mechanisms and complexities as the flight from reality, compensation, projection, defense-mechanisms, the Jehovah complex and the fixed idea." In his letter Professor Barnes refers to me "as innocent of the sources."

I suppose in general that one who belongs in the psychiatric ward is not considered a proper witness in any case of historical, or other dispute. I do not see how Professor Barnes could be persuaded that I know anything about the historical sources in question. However, incredible as it may seem, I have studied this new material and have followed with interest and to the best of my ability the discussion to which it has given rise. Indeed, in reprinting in 1923 my account of 1916 I assumed, perhaps fatuously, that my colleagues in the profession would infer, not that I had neglected to take the usual precautions of endeavoring to inform myself on the subject on which I was pretending to speak, but that, if I did not change my narrative, it was because I saw no reason for changing it in the light of the new revelations. I can see now that perhaps I made a mistake in not stating that fact explicitly in my new edition.

I was publishing a brief account, of some ten or twelve pages, of the immediate causes of the war, not an elaborate study of all the incidents and the literature pertaining to them. Necessarily, as it seems to me, I was restricted to the main features and could not go into the details, however interesting. It might have been better had I undertaken to write on a very different scale, but I did not. If I presented the main features correctly I considered that I had discharged my task. In my narrative I ascribe the immediate and an important responsibility to Austria, the major responsibility to Germany, and I do not hold either Russia or France or England responsible for the outbreak of the world conflict and I censure those who cut negotiations short, by actually declaring war, after those negotiations had been going on for only a very few days, and who thus rendered a possible peaceful issue impossible. This is the "epic," the "fiction," the "story" of 1916, which seems to me still to possess validity. I do not believe now, with Professor

Barnes, nor did I believe when I sent my new edition to press, that the new material "has completely revolutionized our knowledge" of how the war came about, nor do I believe with him that "Germany and England appear to have been the only states honestly desirous of peace in 1914," nor do I share his belief that "the very question of reparations from Germany is now as anachronistic as witchcraft or astrology in the light of the well-established facts concerning the origins of the war."

I should despair of trying to convince Professor Barnes of the correctness of my judgment of the origins of the war, or, of my competence to have an honest or informed opinion, but fortunately he and I still have a common meeting-ground—in our appreciation of the work of Professor Fay, which we both respect. Professor Barnes speaks of Mr. Fay's articles as "epoch-making," he says that "little information has subsequently come out regarding Germany designed to alter seriously the interpretation worked out by Professor Fay on the basis of the Kautsky Documents," and he declares that Professor Turner's chapter on The Causes of the Great War—(and he associates Professor Turner with me in attempting to foist upon the public "the Turnerian-Hazenian epic")—"presents a picture of the situation almost diametrically opposed to Fay on all major points."

It is interesting, with this sharply defined standard in mind, to turn to Professor Fay and to see what he says concerning these major points. The closing paragraph in Professor Fay's second article (*American Historical Review*, October 1920, pages 52-53) reads as follows: "In a wider sense, however, these new documents do not in any way relieve Germany of the main responsibility. She is responsible for her negligence in giving Austria a free hand on July 5, and in not attempting earlier and more vigorously to reassert her control at Vienna. She is responsible—and here the responsibility rests especially on the Kaiser—in deliberately blocking several peace proposals which, though they might have turned to the disadvantage of Austria, and to the diminution of her own prestige, would have been as nothing in comparison with what was to take place. One would be more inclined to listen to her assertion that she was fighting a war of self-defense if she had not sent so precipitately her ultimatums to Russia and France and insisted on adhering to her principle that mobilization inevitably must be followed by war. In a still wider sense, also, Germany is responsible, because one may say that militarism was one of the great causes of the war. It was militarism which was largely responsible for the campaign of lies and national hatred in the jingo press of all Continental Europe which had been poisoning public opinion for years. When the crisis arose, not a little of the direction which diplomacy took in Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd was due to the pressure of so-called public opinion. It was militarism, too, which placed in power such men without scruple as Moltke and Tirpitz, or Sukhomlinov and Janushkevitch. It is always at a time of diplomatic crisis, precisely when it is most difficult for diplomats to keep their heads clear and their hands free, that the influence of militarism makes itself felt by hastening decisions for war, or even by getting the upper hand altogether. And for the growth of militarism in Europe, no country was so much responsible as Germany."

And in the issue of the *American Historical Review* for January 1921, Professor Fay says, after a close study of the policy of the Russian government during the critical days and particularly of the Russian militarists' manoeuvres and ambitions, and the final issuance of the order of general mobilization: "If the German government, on July 31, had really desired peace, it would have been possible for it simply to answer Russian mobilization by German mobilization, and stand on the defensive. But the German militarists insisted that mobilization meant war and therefore Bethmann despatched the ultimatum to Russia and to France, to which but one answer was possible on their part" (page 251). And Professor Fay also says: "As to France, however much she may have encouraged the Russian militarists, in the months preceding the crisis, by her adoption of the three-year term of military service, by her exchange of military and diplomatic visits (Joffre, Grand Duke Nicholas,

Poincaré), by her naval convention, by her jingo press, and by her close relations with England, and however much by these same measures she may have aroused the suspicions of Germany, there can be no doubt that when the crisis came, she sincerely did her best to avert it" (pp. 252-253). As for Belgium, Professor Fay says that she "was the innocent victim of the German militarists," and he evidently does not regard England as causing the war, although he criticizes certain features of Grey's diplomacy.

After all, to a mere candidate for, or occupant of, the psychiatric ward, it would seem that Professor Fay was not a star witness for Professor Barnes and for his theory that the new post-war source material has "completely revolutionized our knowledge" of the crisis of July and August 1914.

Professor Barnes has, however, by his attack accomplished one good thing, for which I am frankly grateful. He has caused me to re-read my account of the causes of the war and to look over again some of the important literature. The result has been to convince me that I was wrong when I stated that Germany made no efforts at any time during the crisis to hold Austria back and find a feasible solution. It is true that, as Professor Fay shows, these efforts were "belated," of the "eleventh hour," and that, in making them, Bethmann "did not find adequate support from his own War-Lord and in Vienna." It is clear, however, that I have overstated this matter in my text and I shall, of course, endeavor to make the proper rectification in the next printing of my book. Despite the apparent conviction of Professor Barnes I really have no rooted, inveterate desire to have errors in my writings.

Professor Barnes closes his letter of April 9 by calling out the reserves and by inviting a number of excellent scholars "to come forward and either drive me into deserved oblivion by proving that I have misrepresented and misstated the revisionist position with respect to the origins of the war, or to accept the challenge of Professors Turner and Hazen and bring them to judgment before the bar of professional historical opinion." This is placing the issue upon a high plane, that of the Greek drama, which, I believe, had the mission of purifying the soul by terror. But it may be that some of those thus summoned will decline to take the matter au grand tragique and may prove quite indifferent to Professor Barnes's fate and to mine. In that case the joys of martyrdom may be denied us both.

CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN.

Columbia University.

A Reply from Professor Barnes

SIR: Those honestly and seriously interested in the merits of the controversy between Professors Hazen, Turner and myself over the responsibility for the World War will find my conclusions on this matter set forth more fully in the May number of the New York Times Current History Magazine, where it has been possible to make extended references to the documentary evidence and the monographic researches which have appeared since 1918. Hence, it will not be necessary in this regard further to intrude upon the space which you have so generously put at the disposal of those who believe that the inevitable but disastrous mythology of 1914-17 should be dispelled. My modest and imperfect effort to state the revisionist case must stand or fall with the contents of that article, though I am glad to say that the same general position is to be found in the abler and more scholarly article by Professor Schmitt in the April number of the American Historical Review. This latter article, incidentally, answers quite adequately the question which Professor Hazen raises in his book, namely, why the clashing imperialisms met in mortal combat in 1914.

Professor Hazen protests, by satirical implication, against my epithetical historical style. This is, however, primarily an aesthetic rather than an historical problem, and may be passed over with little comment. It will be diversely judged according to the canons of taste of the readers. I may frankly admit, however, that it widely differs from the Rotarian urbanity, affability and optimism which characterizes the public conduct and expression of the majority of eminent and respectable American historians. If I had conformed to their standards of professional courtesy, I would have violently cursed the book privately among intimate friends, and then maintained a dignified and immaculate silence in public. It was doubtless his expectancy of a complete prevalence of this attitude, together with the fore-

knowledge of the fact that his book would not ordinarily be seriously reviewed in the American Historical Review, the Political Science Quarterly, or any leading general periodical, which encouraged Professor Hazen to take the gambler's chance that he would escape serious and widespread public criticism for his offence against objective historical scholarship. And he apparently only missed being correct and safe in this regard by the narrowest possible margin. My psychiatric diagnosis of Professor Hazen as a war casualty due to historiographical shell-shock is only confirmed by his statement in his present letter that he saw no reason for changing his 1916 conclusions after having gone through all the new documentary evidence. But it can at least be granted that Professor Hazen has the "courage of his emotions."

Professor Hazen complains that I have niggardly directed my criticism chiefly against only a portion of the last volume of his work. No one could have honestly praised the excellent features of Professor Hazen's earlier work more warmly than I did in the review in question. My criticism was, however, more generously comprehensive than that which was actually published—a section being eliminated on account of limitations of space. I believe it is not unfair to state that, throughout the second volume, wherever there was an opportunity to exhibit bias and prejudice Professor Hazen registered close to hundred percent efficiency, especially in his treatment of Ireland and Russia. If more error and nonsense have ever been packed into twenty pages of a recently compiled work on history than may be found in his chapter on Russia, I am not aware of the fact. If the editor of the New Republic considered the matter one of sufficient importance to turn over several complete issues for the purpose, I should be happy to criticize in reasonably adequate fashion the whole of the second volume.

I wrote advisedly and upon full consideration of phraseology when I intimated that treatments of the background and origins of the war, such as those to be found in the books of Professors Hazen and Turner were "worse than bunk." Books like those by Turner and Hazen will pervert the information and stultify the intelligence of many thousands of the best young minds in the country. It was just this sort of historical writing on the part of French and German authors from 1870 to 1914 that did as much as anything to create the mutual hatred.

As to the question of Professor Fay's researches, apparently differently interpreted by Professor Hazen and myself, it is manifestly unfair to exploit his articles, written in 1919-1920, without bearing in mind the much fuller information we now possess. It is a well known fact that practically all of the evidence damaging to the French and Russian cases has been published since that time, whereas the material on the Austro-German relations was available in 1919. It is upon this latter matter that Professor Fay in his illuminating articles was and still is a "star witness." What I specifically said was that little had appeared since 1920 to challenge, and much to corroborate, Professor Fay's account of the attitude of the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg concerning the relation of Germany to Austria in July 1914, as set forth in the articles which he published in July and October, 1920. I am willing to reaffirm my belief in the accuracy of this statement without qualification, though I feel that Fay's conclusion as quoted was over cautious and restrained in the light of the body of the article. As all competent students realize, the Laloy Documents, the Livre Noir and the Falsifications of the Russian Orange Book, all of which have come out since 1919, necessitate a complete modification of the view of German responsibility for the European War which Professor Hazen cites from pages 52-53 of the October article. The determination of war guilt as distributed among all the nations involved is a quite different and more general problem from that mentioned in the passage in Fay, and has to be judged in the light of the above revelations of Franco-Russian negotiations in July and August, 1914, which were not published at the time Professor Fay wrote his articles. It is quite obvious that an opinion on German war-guilt made independent of and prior to our documentary knowledge of the Franco-Russian conduct in the joint circumstances would possess no inherent and final value whatever. "These new documents," referred to by Professor Fay in the citation selected by Professor Hazen are, of course, the Kautsky Documents and the Austrian Red Book, and not the whole of the new evidence which would include the three important collections of Franco-Russian negotiations mentioned by title above. It is highly probable that, as a conscientious and alert historian, Professor

Fay has since altered his judgment on this point in keeping with the appearance and nature of the new evidence. The same reasoning applies with even greater cogency to the citation of Fay's statement that the Germans should have answered Russian mobilization solely by counter-mobilization and defensive waiting. Moreover, Professor Hazen, before writing the above letter, personally knew that Fay had changed his opinion in regard to this question of German counter-mobilization—a fact which reflects seriously upon Professor Hazen's good faith in citing this reference from the articles. And most exceptionable of all is his citation of Fay's opinion upon the French attitude and conduct in late July and August, 1914. Surely Professor Hazen should know that most of our pertinent evidence on this subject has been brought out since 1919. Professor Fay, in 1919-20, was little better off in this respect than he would have been if writing in 1914. And I did not even by implication cite Professor Fay's articles as at the present time an authority on this phase of the subject, which would have been quite unfair to him. Professor Hazen's references to Belgium and England are not properly subject to controversy here, as what he says about them in his letter is exactly what I said in my review. I should certainly hope that no reader would suspect me of claiming immunity for German or Austrian militarists. It is one of my chief regrets that I shall never be able to witness Moltke, Ludendorff, Hoyos and Hötendorf dangling from the

same limb which should be graced by the presence of Grand Duke Nicholas, Janushkevich, Poincaré, Tardieu, Delcassé and Maxse.

I have no desire to promote a Sophoclean heroic drama about the controversy over the origins of the war. In the concluding paragraph of the letter answering Professor Turner's, I suggested that the whole matter should be lifted from the plane of emotion and personalities, and threshed out on the basis of the methods and responsibilities of the historian. But none of the great Greek tragedians ever suggested more vividly a loftier or nobler theme for spiritual exaltation or executed more splendid cosmic gestures than did Professor Hazen in the classic passages in his work dealing with the outbreak of the conflict of 1914, some of which were cited in my review. I am not averse to a test of knowledge and wits with Professor Hazen in the fields of contemporary diplomacy or historical methodology, but in the dramatic arena I confess complete and ignominious defeat without even the suggestion of a contest. But after all, the matter is not one for jest, as the whole set of "astrological" premises underlying the Dawes report make clear. The future peace and happiness of Europe, and to some extent of the world, depend in large part upon the triumph of fact and candor over fancy and emotion concerning the responsibility for the World War.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Smith College.

V E R S E

A Spring Summons

I.

The willows at San Felipe
With their leaning branches
Have drawn the green of earth up through the air
Whole throbs of it.

One little child by himself in the wide plaza
Tosses a ball into the air.

And on the high mesa, old holy adobes
(They were a church once
Before the people had left them behind
For the willows of the Rio Grande)
Bless the air on its way from heaven.

II.

The cotton-wood by my Santa Fé window
Communes again with sunset,
Is golden like a cup of blood caught from the heart of Jesus.

III.

In Santo Domingo they are dancing for rain,
Seventy men of earth
In one long line of unblurred rhythm,
A prayer-dance, "for every good thing,"
Says one of the earth-men,
"In Santo Domingo and all the world."

Oyez, oyez, O capitals of Christendom!

But the citizens refuse to hear,
Filling their pockets forever with thirty pieces,
No spring-throb in the willow,
No communing cotton-wood,
No living prayer for rain.

IV.

Then you, amigo, come away from there
To the city of surprise,
To the country of the open heart,
To the capital of mountains and tomorrows,
Where the sunny blood is cool with snow
In a forgiven world.

WITTER BYNNER.

Spring in Orizaba

Those were afternoons!—with chipi-chipi falling,
A dusk of water on the jungle land,
Bringing out the orchids like butterflies in the treetops,
Cooling with lilies the winter-fevered sand.

Was there ever such an insolence of growing
As that green splendor from the canyons profound?—
Uprush of life and leap of white water
And yellow mangos lavished on the ground!

Those were mornings!—when the tuberoses proffered
A thousand silver vases of fragrance to the sun,
When calla lilies held brave congress at the brookside
And the great ivory moonflowers broke one by one.

What nights we knew! Like a red bird nesting
The sun plunged downward through the long banana
fronds,

And there came a darkness perfect as the last will be,
Sudden and blessed on the garden ponds.

Or the moon floating up brought the mother of the moun-
tains

Her whitest jewels till she shone out to sea.
It found wild cotton in the deep barrancas,
Frosted the palm-slopes with unreality.

Nothing in the north will help me to forget it!
Up through the hot-lands, higher and swiftly higher,
Was it not life itself that quivered resplendent,
Kindling from its very torch that running green fire?

MARIAN STORM.

Time Is a Dream

Time Is a Dream, by H. R. Lenormand, translated by Winifred Katzin. The Neighborhood Playhouse, April 20, 1924.

AFTER the success of *The Failures* it is interesting to see this season another play by Lenormand, and to observe pretty much the same excellence and the same defect in both. Lenormand's theatrical skill and his gift for manipulating the resources of the stage to the point of brilliance almost, is evident, save for the last few moments, through all of *Time Is a Dream*. The defect, as in *The Failures*, is on the side of the play's content to the work as a whole. Lenormand appears to be a dramatic talent of a lively order; and at the same time a man highly engaged with thought, with modern theory and to a certain extent, I should say, with thought and theory where they become fad. The power to make this theory or theme a part of his own vitality and so of the living tissue of the play Lenormand has only partially. And he illustrates the difference in the theatre between creative profundity on the one hand and on the other a combination of theatrical dexterity and intellectual interest.

In *Time Is a Dream* we have a Dutch household to which the brother returns. He has been in Java, in the clear light, the abounding life, and within the vision and dream of the East. He has come to believe that time and space do not exist or are one; that life and time are spread around us and that all of it is there; as if a man were walking in a garden, seeing only the flowers at his feet, though all the garden is there all the while. The girl he is to marry sees in a flash a man drowning in the lake, the reeds are cut, there is a green boat floating there. She tries from the man's sister and from the old housekeeper to find out what has happened in the past. She learns that the son of the former owner had once had an accident but had been saved. What she has seen has really been the face of her lover; the event must then lie in the future. Affairs go forward, the two women plan to get the young man away and back to Java, where the marriage will take place. But he delays, and one by one the steps toward the fatal conclusion occur, no matter what the actors in it may desire; fate moves indeed through the development of their desires. The drowning happens as the girl has seen it three months before.

Underlying this plot, obviously, is the motive of Einstein's theory.

As theatre, *Time Is a Dream* holds the interest. This derives partly from the novelty of the motive, the freshness of the theme; but also and very largely from the suspension of the solution of the girl's vision, we are made to feel an impending disaster but at the same time we turn here and there for the answer to her question. Only at the last when the man runs out, and the girl falls on the floor with a cry as she sees down at the lake that her fears have been fulfilled, only at this very last moment does Lenormand disappoint us theatrically and the interest go flat. On the whole nevertheless *Time Is a Dream* is engaging theatre.

Mr. Carroll's playing of the man is unequal and much too close to Oswald Alving in tone. But it is more intelligent and more sympathetic than we should ordinarily find in the theatre, and vocally it registers an advance in Mr. Carroll's work. Miss Mitchell plays unequally and with some mannerism but well. The whole performance is more thoroughly and intelligently

ordered and unified than most of those we see on Broadway. But the question remains as to the tone in which the leading part is to be played. It might gain by making the man cool and quiet, strong with the vision of the East, clear and secure as is the space and time that become one and spread around his human life. That, certainly, might reinforce the philosophic idea that Lenormand attempts to dramatize. I should not be willing to say, however, that the part should be played in this key. At any rate when Mr. Carroll gives us the impression of a sensitive nature overcome and degenerated in the presence of the mists and rain and dun air of the dikes and dunes and the sullen drab old mansion from which most of his family have fled, and when he gives us a sense of obsession and gradual decline in neurotic malady, he appears to be in accord with many of the details of the scenes and with many of the lines he has to say. But it is also true that if the part is acted thus the theme of the play is softened and blurred with our sense of illusions and vagaries in a sick body and an unsound mind. In that case what we have received is a play plus a suggestion for our contemplation of an idea that may beguile our minds or not, as our fancy dictates. To a considerable extent this solution really places Lenormand's play where it belongs.

Time Is a Dream plays with a great modern idea and on the general pattern of Ibsen's *Ghosts* finds a theatrical vehicle for it. The relation of the idea to the play, however, is very slight. Lenormand's drama does not recreate the idea into art, does not reveal it or dilate it, does not prove or further it; but merely illustrates it. Merely to invent a plot in which what happens comes out according to a theory gets nowhere, except as suggestive atmosphere around thought. If you found a theory that every man at sixty-two falls off a roof, there would be no trouble in making a plot to carry things out to the right conclusion; and if you were a good playwright you could, until the very last dénouement, perhaps, make good theatrical entertainment out of it.

I myself follow *Time Is a Dream* with no little diversion and interest, and then when it ends I am bored. What interests me afterward, and leaving aside Lenormand entirely, is that it raises so sharply the question of the relation of an idea to a play, or, for that matter, to art.

This is a subject with many pitfalls. People like to think a play great or important, because some great or seemingly important idea, often borrowed or in vogue, appears in it. It is obvious that the mere appearance of the idea may make the play of interest, and that, side by side with that, the theatrical phase of the play may divert us. But it does not therefore follow that anything important has happened in art.

A play consists of the elements of the idea, the plot, the characters, the visual aspect, the diction, and the rhythm of all these. To be significant art it must possess through all these elements an essential characteristic, which unifies the whole and gives life to it. What in the medium of philosophic idea would be Einstein's theory must also discover an expression—or an equivalent, if you like—for itself in the various mediums of plot, characters, visual aspect, diction, and the rhythms of all these. The artist who writes a play is an artist only in so far as he can put this essential characteristic through every part of it; as he can, to use St. Augustine's phrase about beauty, communicate to the body of it the appearance of being one thing. Only in so far as he achieves this unity and completeness everywhere in kind, does he create at all, however well he may entertain and elucidate.

STARK YOUNG.

Mr. Coolidge's Utopia

The Price of Freedom. Speeches and Addresses, by Calvin Coolidge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

IF Mr. Lewis Mumford were to get out a new edition of his *Story of Utopias*, published a year or so ago, I would suggest that he include in it, in addition to Plato, Thomas More, Campanella and William Morris, that description of an imaginary commonwealth called the United States of America which Mr. Calvin Coolidge has just published under the title, *The Price of Freedom*.

Other Utopians have set forth fantastic notions of human rights and aspirations such as could hardly be realized in the light of common day. Mr. Coolidge's Utopia is simpler and more attainable. We have only to be good—which he interprets as being obedient, frugal, industrious and devout—and we will be happy.

Speaking in the rôle of a prominent citizen of Utopia, he says:

We have been successful beyond all others because we have been a people of vision. Our prosperity has resulted not by disregarding but by maintaining high ideals. Material resources do not, and cannot, stand alone; they are the product of spiritual resources. It is because America, as a nation, has held fast to the higher things of life, because it has had a faith in mankind which it has dared to put to the test of self-government, because it has believed greatly in honor and truth and righteousness, that a great material prosperity has been added to it.

He explains further:

There are two fundamental motives which inspire human action. The first, and most important, to which all else is subordinate, is that of righteousness. There is that in mankind, stronger than all else, which requires them to do right. When that requirement is satisfied the next motive is that of gain. These are the moral motive and the material motive. While in some particular instances they might seem to be antagonistic, yet always, when broadly considered or applied to society as a whole, they are in harmony. American institutions meet the test of these two standards. They are founded on righteousness, they are productive of material prosperity. They compel the loyalty and support of the people because such action is right and because it is profitable. . . . Civilization and profits go hand in hand.

Mr. Coolidge's Utopia is not always Utopia to the vulgar eye. Its McKinley period has sometimes been called sordid. But Mr. Coolidge makes it shine with moral splendor. He writes:

The genius of his day was not altogether material. It had its spiritual side, deep and significant. The country sought prosperity that the people might be raised up. . . . Who shall say what directed him [McKinley] in choosing to become a master of the theory of the protective tariff? Whatever called to him from his surroundings at home, from his knowledge of the needs of his country, or from out of the infinite, attentively he listened, he heard and he obeyed.

In Mr. Coolidge's Utopia it is "the doctrine of the Republican party to encourage business, not merely for

its own sake but because that is the surest method of administering to the general welfare." Indeed, if the Republican party had not done this it would, according to Mr. Coolidge's moral version, or inversion, of Gresham's law, swiftly have disappeared from circulation. For "no party can survive which does not minister to national integrity."

In Mr. Coolidge's Utopia the rich man is not so much an oppressor of the poor as an instrument of divine providence. "More and more men are seeking to live in obedience to the law of service under which those of larger possessions confer larger benefits upon their fellow men. The greater their power the greater their service. . . . Imperfections there are, violations of the law there are, but public requirements were never so high in the intercourse of society, in the conduct of commerce, in the observance of the law and in the faithful discharge of public office as at the present time." Mr. Coolidge said this in a speech shortly after a much-misunderstood Utopian named Sinclair had entered into the possession of Teapot Dome, and a faithful public official named Fall had borrowed one hundred thousand dollars from Mr. Doheny.

It is well that these benign processes should not be too much interfered with by government. "Our country," says Mr. Coolidge, "is an exceedingly good example of the fact that if production be encouraged and increased then distribution fairly well takes care of itself. . . . Our institutions all seem ultimately to function in the direction of charity, in the direction of civilization." He cannot help viewing with regret "the various regulatory acts under the commerce and tax clauses, down to the maternity aid law which recently went into effect." These seem to him, somehow, offences against the chastity of deliberative, constitutional Utopian government. Was not the Supreme Court enough? Was it not already true that there was "no petitioner humble enough to be denied the full protection of its great authority?" Had it not again and again protected children of ten in the state of Mississippi and elsewhere in their God-given right to work in the textile mills?

But if government in business is unfortunate, business in government, in Mr. Coolidge's Utopia, is an unpaired blessing. There was a time when the Utopians distrusted "that character and ability that come only from grappling with the great problems of life, most usually gained by Americans in great business and administrative functions." That time is happily past. "The war helped to dissipate this unwholesome state of public opinion, by reason of the universally patriotic and active assistance rendered by the business interests to the government." In Utopia there were no aircraft scandals, no questionable harness contracts, no shipping board scandals, no alien property scandals.

At one stage in Utopia's history there were men who resisted what they called tyranny. They had, says Mr. Coolidge, "a high disdain for every assumption of earthly authority, whether exercised in the name of the State or of the church." But in the perfect State discontent is obviously the most abominable of heresies.

More and more emphasis [Mr. Coolidge thinks] needs to be placed on the duty of obedience. It must be the first lesson of the child in the home, it must be continued without ceasing in the schools, and it must be established and maintained as the predominant principle of good citizenship. . . . Law reigns. It is the course of order, of freedom, of righteous authority,

of organized society, and also of industrial success and prosperity. . . . There will be obedience to law when the individual feels that government represents a divine authority.

How do we know that the Utopian government, unlike that of the Stuarts, to which Mr. Coolidge is firmly opposed, represents a divine authority? Obviously by its acts. "The same moral grandeur which has been made the national ideal in our domestic relations is being made the ideal of our foreign relations." "Whenever any power has sought to substitute the rule of force for the rule of conscience in the affairs of mankind, the soul of America has stood beside the champions of freedom, proclaiming, 'We are here'." In the Philippines, for example. In Haiti. In San Domingo. In Siberia. Utopia is unlike other nations in another respect. It builds war ships and keeps up armies, "not for defiance but for defence; . . . not as an appeal to force but to insure the administration of justice."

In Mr. Coolidge's Utopia the duty of the laborer is to be "patriotic, law-abiding and God-fearing," preferably after the tenets of the Protestant churches; the duty of the wealthy and the powerful is "to use their power unselfishly for the public welfare." There is no corruption, no exploitation, no theft of natural resources, no hate, no piggishness; and consequently no concrete political issue that a President need discuss. All are happy and the sun does not set upon injustice. There is no occasion for indignation or for pity and consequently Mr. Coolidge never indulges in these emotions.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

A Golden Book

Jennifer Lorn, by Elinor Wylie. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

"THIS is the golden book of spirit and sense," as Swinburne said of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*; and as in Gautier's masterpiece, the spirit is a pure flame of beauty, the sense a mingling of exquisite and subtle pleasures, of which the intellectual joy of irony is not the least. We hasten to add that the two titular heroines have nothing in common except beauty. *Jennifer Lorn* "was brought up to eat bread and butter, and milk and honey, and rice pudding, and strawberry jam for a treat. She was brought up to wear frocks of fine India muslin and to tie blue ribbons about her waist; to go to church and sing hymns out of a velvet hymnal with a gilt cross on it; to sit on a green silk chair while her maid brushed her curls to splendour; to sit on a white bench and read Percy's *Reliques*; to lean over a sundial on a summer's day and wonder why she loved cream-colored roses better than yellow ones, and why she had ever been born."

Naturally such a heroine, admirable vessel as she is for Miss Wylie's irony, does not become the active principle of her story. When Gerald Poytyard first sees her, on a summer day in 1772, she is "falling asleep at six o'clock on a golden cloudy afternoon, with her red ringlets heaped like a little fire above the circle of stone." Gerald's connoisseurship collects her as his wife; and she continues to fall asleep, amid all the mad adventures through which she is led. Passion flames about her. In Paris she hears nothing but such words as "amour—admiration—désespoir—adoration—ange pur—cœur dur—cœur insensible—beauté terrible—cruelle—tellement belle—o ciel!" But the

poisoned darts fall harmlessly against the armor of passive good behavior of this eighteenth century Britomart. She only murmurs: "How different was the vocabulary of the good nuns of the Parthemont; I am quite sure they were totally ignorant of most of the expressions commonly used in the most exalted society in France." Three times love approaches her more nearly with gestures of pity and protection,—through the attaché of the English embassy at Paris, who reminds her of her brothers, through M. Saint Amond, the French soldier of fortune at Calcutta, who is like her father, through Prince Abbas at the court of Shiraz, who is a child like herself. It is to him, after that white honeymoon which ends so strangely with the apparition of Gerald risen from the dead, that Jennifer reveals herself in her full grandeur: "'You are an excessively silly boy, Abbas,' she enunciated crisply. 'If you were not so young and inexperienced I should regard your proposals as insulting to my honor. . . . Are you not aware that I am the adored and devoted wife of the heir to one of the oldest baronies in England, who is also an invaluable civil servant and the favored friend of the Governor of Bengal?'"

In contrast to Jennifer's romantic drifting is Gerald's realistic mastery. He is the superman of the eighteenth century, with the pale and rapacious eye of the empire builder, uniting the lust of the Renaissance and its rococo taste in possession, bearing himself with the superb complacency of an English Mr. Imperturbé. He is astonishingly true to the period of Horace Walpole and William Beckford and Warren Hastings, and overwhelmingly plausible as he rides across India on an elephant's back, beneath a green umbrella. "In the hands of any other man this article would beyond peradventure of a doubt have appeared ludicrous in the extreme; Gerald with his air of an ambiguous God demanding silent tribute from an unmannerly universe which he had just succeeded in taming, made the umbrella as awful as a sceptre and as ornamental as a lotus flower." He is the active agent in Miss Wylie's ironical alchemy, and its victim when coming unwittingly to the grave of his lovely wife he plucks from the unresisting hand of Abbas, lying there unconscious, the Byzantine ivory image. "The face bears a distinct resemblance to my late dear wife," he murmurs. "This alone would render it invaluable to me, but it is, quite apart from this consideration, an exquisite work of art. I am most fortunate to have procured it at the cost of so little expense or pain."

It is impossible in a hurried summary to give an idea of the extraordinary depth and richness of background against which these figures emerge. Miss Wylie has followed history in breeding the insular, egoistic England of the eighteenth century to the Continent and to the Orient, and has given us a study of a phase of English culture with a dazzling fulness of detail—landscape, architecture, books, pictures, music, costumes, attitudes, even the stage properties of the setting are a triumph of imaginative scholarship. *Jennifer Lorn* is a novel of connoisseurship such as Beckford might have written if he could have overcome his indolence for more than a single glorious week. Indolence is the last sin of which we can accuse Miss Wylie, but her industry, like Gerard's, is dissimulated behind the bravoura of reckless proficiency. Her style never falters under the weight of material. One of the marvels of the book is its constantly rekindling animation, its sustained vivacity. The invention mounts without ceasing in a crescendo of excitement. Incident surpasses incident, fulfilling the reader's feeling for the rhyme of event, the right thing falling out in the right place. Miss Wylie's sense of action becomes

natural magic as when Jennifer sings the Lament for Flodden in the palace of the Grand Mogul at Delhi, "standing in the exact centre of the miraculous pavilion of white marble and lifting her mournful little voice to cry, 'I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milkin' . . . The flowers of the forest are all wede away.'" The atmosphere never stifles nor does the luxury pall, nor the machinery obtrude itself. The story moves with a justness of proportion and measure, swiftly and easily to its perfect close, completing as if at one full sweep the circle, round as the O of Apelles.

In these matters Miss Wylie is superior as an artist to Mr. James Branch Cabell, with whom it is natural to compare her. She gives us a real world imaginatively possessed, not a mythical world fancifully conceived. She directs her action so firmly within the limits of the plausible that when it is necessary she can indulge in a miracle or two. She observes an artistic economy in her use of material in the face of all temptation to arbitrary lavishness. Above all, she is adroit in her purpose. She never bears on too heavily. Her style is rich in overtones and second intentions, but she never permits overtones to become dominant, nor, by any chance, her second intentions to become her first. With her irony is a flavor, not a food mechanically prepared and put up in sealed packages. Thus she avoids the fault which her Gallic compeers stigmatize by the phrase *trop voulu*. She meets them with a challenge as gay and ringing and a swordsmanship as deft and keen as their own.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Real Sarah Bernhardt

The Real Sarah Bernhardt, by Mme. Pierre Berton and Basil Woon. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$3.50.

THE appetite for the "real" seems to continue: real Lucrezia Borgias, real Queen Elizabeths, real Maintenons and Cleopatras; and now a real Sarah Bernhardt. The need, in this last case, might appear to be less urgent: Sarah was a contemporary; *réclame* worked for her like a pile-driver through half a century; and she frisked over the world, displaying—well within the memory of man—her licenses and eccentricities in half its capitals. Yet a faithful friend and survivor has been found to unveil the Sarah "whom her audiences never knew," and to do so with the full authorization of the actress herself.

Sometimes the tone and atmosphere of a book may be found expressed in a single paragraph. "It has often been commented upon that Sarah Bernhardt never had an American lover," declares page 275. "I heard her speak of this one day with regret," adds her biographer. So odd a lapse is immediately accounted for: "This absence of Americans in Sarah's sentimental life is best explained by the short duration of each of her tours of America and the distance covered during them. Many towns in America saw Sarah only for twenty-four hours, and the whole period was a ceaseless whirl of arriving, rehearsing, playing and departing." One might rather easily deduce from all this the sex of the writer, her nationality, and the milieu in which she spent her life. Mme. Berton, in fact, accompanied Bernhardt on one or two of her American tours as a young girl under eighteen; and, oddly enough, she came to marry that star actor of the Odéon who was among the earliest and most helpful of the many "lovers."

Thus her facilities were exceptional, and her sanctions seem complete. She is quite at her ease in presenting a complicated and assertive hybrid in an environment of Bohemian promiscuity. She is vivid and sparkling, with full possession of the Gallic manner and touch. Her every page is readable, even if not always highly edifying.

The later three-quarters of Sarah Bernhardt's career possess their full measure of definite "actuality." Perhaps the biographer is at her most serviceable in clearing up the blurred and muddled beginnings. The various apocryphal tales of her heroine's parentage are superseded, finally, by what appears to be the authentic account. The father's name really was Bernhardt; he was a law-student who came to Paris from Havre, and who spent most of the years subsequent to early parenthood in remote travels. The mother was a German Jewess from Berlin; in Paris she was taken up by the Duc de Morny (a relative of Napoleon III) and became a showy figure in the dubious society of the day. Like the father, she concerned herself little about her child. Meanwhile, Sarah remained on a farm in Brittany, or among concierges in Paris. She longed to be a nun and rebelled when, at fifteen, she was forced to attend a play at the Opéra Comique. But that attendance determined her career. The rest, with some embellishments "lacking in any other biography . . . and deliberately omitted from her own autobiography," follows in due and natural course.

This is a book that easily falls to the level of gossip, and lower. It is difficult to disengage any general ideas. One may pause for a moment on "the moral code of 1870" as it affected actresses. It can be asserted, declares this new biographer stoutly, that Sarah Bernhardt "never formed a liaison for the sake of the protection and wealth it could give her," and that when she gave herself it was always "to someone who could assist her in the materialization of her lofty and ambitious dreams."

One may pause, further, on the matter of modern advertising. Bernhardt is here presented as the first actress who really understood the value of publicity. All this publicity, if she had been a lesser woman, might have overwhelmed and ruined her. However, her talent for self-advertisement (which caused a rival actress to write of her as Sarah Barnum) was really backed up by genius and by a genuine passion for hard work. Sarah was in fact one of France's modern explorers. Just as Balzac discovered—after the Napoleonic era of "gloire"—that the real protagonist of French society was the five-franc piece, so Sarah, amidst the tinsel and humbug of another Napoleonic era, discovered that publicity is the very backbone and breath of a modern career.

A little later on, we find Bernhardt put forward, naturally enough, as one who, more than anybody else, popularized the theatre in France. Though the theatre has always been, indeed, a cult in that highly homogeneous and highly socialized land, yet in the sixties and seventies of the last century, this cult was practiced only by the few devotees who possessed the education requisite for understanding the difficult verse, the delightful satire, and the delicate irony of the poets whose works then made up so very large a proportion of the repertory. Sarah Bernhardt transformed the theatre from the "superior intellectual toy of the cultured few to the amusement and recreation of the many." Sardou and Réclame aided the transition. Such is the composition of the glorious trinity to which America owes Fedora, Gismonda and the rest.

The book as a whole presents professional Paris active

at home through some seventy years, and also active as a propagandist in such diverse and alien environments as London, St. Petersburg and New York. It has value too as the testimony of a loyal friend and follower—one who can indulge a slight grimace when occasion seems to call for it, even if she can perceive no essential blemish or lack, and who has the pen to turn everything, however varied in nature and quality, to good and entertaining account in her magnification of that art in which the French remain preëminent and of that art's chief exemplar in a day just past.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Four Books of History

Leitfaden zur Kriegsschuldfrage, by Graf Max Montgelas. Berlin: Walter de Gruyter and Company.

AT the close of the war Count Montgelas coöperated with Karl Kautsky in publishing with scholarly precision and detail all the German diplomatic correspondence relating to the outbreak of the war. Since then he has written innumerable articles and pamphlets illuminating difficult problems such as what really took place in July, 1914. As an indication of the vastness of his information and of the clarity with which he holds it in his mind is the fact that last spring he was able, within a few weeks, and with citation of documents for every statement, to dictate this little "Guide to the Question of War Responsibility." It is the sanest, best-informed, and most readable volume on the vexed question, which has come out of Germany. By seizing the "leading threads" for his narrative, and by relegating to an appendix controversial detail, he has given a clear account of an extremely complicated subject. In the first quarter of the book he sketches the conflict of alliances from 1907 to 1914; he nowhere repeats the common German accusation against England of "encirclement;" but he does show how France, under M. Poincaré, changed to a closer and more aggressive support of Russia after the Balkan victories over Turkey in 1912-13. In dealing with the diplomatic crisis of 1914 he does not hesitate to criticise Germany at many points; but at the same time he seeks to defend her against untenable charges which have been made against her, and to show that it is by no means on her shoulders alone that the burden of responsibility rests. He closes with seventeen propositions which we suspect it would be difficult for M. Poincaré completely to controvert in the judgment of any unprejudiced person of intelligence who studies the question carefully.

S. B. F.

Actividades de la Liga de las Naciones, por Cosme de la Torriente. Havana: Rambla, Bouza and Company.

SPANISH is the national language of one third of the states of the world, remarks Sr. de Bustamente in the preface to this work, yet until now no adequate exposition of the organization and activities of the League of Nations has appeared in that tongue. It would be hard to find a man better qualified to fill the gap than Cosme de la Torriente. He was chosen to head the Cuban delegation to the Third Assembly (1922) and by that Assembly as President of its Third Commission, dealing with the reduction

of armaments. Four of his works have already appeared in English, including an able discourse on the relations of Cuba, the United States and the League, which was translated for "International Conciliation."

Ninety-four pages of the present book are devoted to a compact, readable and on the whole non-polemic general account of the organization and functions of the League. The body of the work is a detailed statement of the labors of the Third Assembly, with ample references to the previous two. Nine appendices furnish an elaborate documentation, together with other matter. The last of these contains a very interesting Cuban project for a league of nations, published in a book by Jose Calixto Bernal y Soto in 1857.

Sr. Torriente has relied almost entirely upon exposition, the acts, plans and problems of the League being allowed to do their own arguing. If he is either illuisioned or disillusioned about his subject, his pages are singularly free from evidence of the fact.

Cuba's contributions to the work of the League are particularly surprising, considering her small size and her intimate relationship to the United States. Sr. de Bustamente, who writes the preface to this book, is one of the judges of the Permanent Court. The Spanish-speaking world is to be congratulated upon the possession of a very able treatise on a subject of considerable interest.

M. M. K.

Die Ausbreitungspolitik der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika, by Emil Kimpfen. Berlin and Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.

THIS thorough monograph not only possesses the virtue of scholarly detachment, but is also the most adequate history of American expansionist policy and achievements which has yet been brought within the compass of a single volume. It richly deserves translation into English.

H. E. B.

A History of Assyria, by A. T. Olmstead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.00.

INTENSIVE scholarship, unflagging industry, complete mastery of the sources of information, a progressive and synthetic attitude towards history, and an all-absorbing enthusiasm for the subject in hand are rarely combined in an author, but when they do coexist a notable product is likely to emerge. This was conspicuously the case in the previous volume in this series, Professor Breasted's famous History of Egypt. No higher praise could be bestowed upon Professor Olmstead's volume than to say that it does not suffer seriously by comparison with Breasted's magnum opus. Professor Olmstead has long been known as an enterprising and productive Assyriologist, not only by his monographs on Sargon, and Assyrian historiography, but also by many suggestive and penetrating articles on varied phases of the history of Babylonia and Assyria. Those on Assyria, with much revision and new material, are now presented in this volume. Every phase of the history is amply covered, there being plenty of space assigned to social, economic, cultural and intellectual history. The most important contribution of the book to the intelligent lay reader will unquestionably be a salutary corrective of the conventional view of the Assyrian empire as a purely

parasitical and exploitive structure. Professor Olmstead amply proves his case that it served much the same function in western Asia as a stabilizer, consolidator, assimilator and preserver of culture that Rome executed centuries later in the Mediterranean area. Students interested in the vicissitudes of the Seed of Abraham will find here the latest version if the circumstances surrounding the débâcle of the "lost ten tribes," and the grief which came to Senacherib and his hosts at the hands of "the angel of Yahweh." The chief criticism likely to be brought against the book would probably be directed against the plan rather than the execution, namely, the devotion of so much space to Assyria, and the practical ignoring of Babylonia. This can be remedied by a companion volume on Babylonia, and the author's articles already published on the history of Babylonia are ample proof of the excellent product which may be expected in this field as well.

H. E. B.

Posterity Dreams

The Dream, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

THE dream was dreamed and related somewhere in the twenty-second century A. D. by one Sarnac, a scientist, who had cut his hand on some poisoned glass found in the two thousand-year-old ruins of the Simplon tunnel. A little feverish, Sarnac fell asleep and dreamed, in great detail, of the life he had led in the twentieth-century Age of Confusion as Harry Mortimer Smith, the son of a small green-grocer. On waking he related his dream to his friends, to the length of a novel, with every circumstance and detail of speech, action, and description. Even the dialect spoken by Harry Smith's family and friends he rendered faithfully, and it was perfectly understood by his audience, who had perhaps, like Mr. Wells's other Utopians, got beyond speech in any particular language, as they had got beyond clothes. They were rather irritating listeners, this posterity of ours, so noble and so bare; except for the difference in their attire, they must have been a little like the children in Mrs. Markham's history. They sat round Sarnac and ejaculated at intervals, "Was it possible that people were really so grotesque as that?" or "But did people really believe such stuff?" and so forth. And they were called Sunray, Radiant, Firefly, and Willow, and they were purged from all evil human passions and made perfect in righteousness, hygiene, and scientific invention, and they walked the Alpine country unclad and never caught colds (Mr. Wells does not say whether the climate, too, had improved), and when the women bore children it was "a jolly, wholesome process." And sex, love, and mating had been all beautifully arranged, and had become a simple, perfect affair, with no confusion, jealousy, or mistakes. "We, who walk in the light . . ." they said. It was no wonder that they ejaculated with surprised incredulity at this dark and confused world of ours.

It is, then, from this standpoint that Mr. Wells relates the story of his Harry Mortimer Smith. Omitting this particular setting, he has, of course, told it essentially before, the life-story of some pitiful, perplexed little scion of the lower middle classes, crushed by a world he does not understand. He has done it before with more humor, wit, and force. The phrases have a familiar ring. "Almost

everybody was sexually angry or uncomfortable or dishonest," and so on. It is a question whether the added "It is difficult to imagine it now" adds to its force. All one can say is that it adds a cheery note of optimism to the tale. The people are too familiar—even down to the university gentleman who splashes his cold bath about instead of having it. The green-grocer's family are real enough, and amusing enough (though perhaps the green-grocer's religious beliefs ring rather of the mid-nineteenth than of the twentieth century). The love story of Harry and Hetty wears, from being told as a memory of old, unhappy, far-off things, a quality of faintness and unreality which dims its tragedy. You never need to scratch a story by Mr. Wells very hard to find a tract, but usually the tract is so clothed in flesh and blood, wit and invention, that you can, if you like, take the story and leave the moral. In *The Dream* you cannot. Certainly Mr. Wells would not wish us to do so. And the moral is that in two thousand years, or probably much less, human beings will not only be still adorning this planet, but will have been made perfect. It is a happy thought. "A day when charity and understanding would light the world, so that men and women would no longer hurt themselves and one another." So even that eternal (as it now seems) antithesis between altruism and egoism, between hurting oneself and hurting someone else, will be done away with. One wonders how. Will not even posterity have to choose between taking the most comfortable seats at a picnic for themselves and leaving them to others? (And, for obvious reasons, this question will be even more important to posterity than to us.)

Well, anyhow, that is the thesis. And, as to the story, Mr. Wells can never avoid being readable, and his readability is not spoilt either by his thesis or by his occasional lapses from accuracy, though one feels that he ought to have ascertained the facts even about such minor details as the nature of the morning service held at high Anglican churches.

ROSE MACAULAY.

Contributors

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ROSE MACAULAY's most recent book is *Told by an Idiot*.